MAGELLAN

Being a general account of the life and times and remarkable adventures, by land and by sea, of the most eminent and renowned navigator, Ferdinand Magellan, Commander of the Order of Santiago, his Majesty's Captain General of the Armada which first went around the world.

By ARTHUR S. HILDEBRAND
Author of *Blue Water*

Ferdinand Magellan, the first circumnavigator of the globe, is an almost legendary figure to the average well-read man, but his career was as thrilling as that of the hero of any dime novel.

The book tells of his boyhood as a page at the Court of Portugal, his experiences in Portugal's colonies in the Orient, his marriage in Spain, and culminates with the fulfillment of his ambitions—that first tremendous and tragic voyage around the world. And as a background for this dramatic figure there is the color and pageantry of the "age of discovery."

FERDINAND MAGELLAN

From a painting in the Museo-Bibliotecca de Ultramar, Madrid

MAGELLAN:

A General Account of the Life and Times and Remarkable Adventures, by Land and by Sea, of the Most Eminent and Renowned Navigator

FERDINAND MAGELLAN

(FERNÃO DE MAGALHÃES)

Commander of the Order of Santiago, His Majesty's Captain General of the Armada which first went around the world

BY

ARTHUR STURGES HILDEBRAND

Author of *Blue Water*

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Preface

"Follow the flagship, and ask no questions."

On the material which is available to a narrator for the reconstruction of Magellan's life and voyage there is ample opportunity for a scholarly attitude of "critical investigation of the sources." Although the sources are startlingly complete in certain respects, there are wide gaps, no less startling, in the historical continuity of events and in the psychological synthesis. A vast number of pages might be devoted—have been devoted, in fact—to examination of these gaps; especially fruitful, for example, is discussion of the possibility of Magellan having some knowledge of the actual existence of his strait before he set out to find it, but no definite information on this point has as yet come to light, and no amount of scholarly research will alter it. Much learned discussion discovers no straits; lengthy weighing of evidence leads no nearer, in the end, to truth; the scholarly attitude cramps romance, and leaves knots in the thread of the narrative.

In setting forth this story, I have been obliged, of

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course, to answer questions in respect to certain doubtful points, and to take sides with one or another of those who have delighted to weigh the evidence—but that, surely, is no part of the life and adventures of Ferdinand Magellan. My conclusions must necessarily form a part of the story, but the first circumnavigation of the world, surely, takes no account of the processes by which I have arrived at them. I have not tried to mold Magellan's life into dramatic form—it was in dramatic form, as he lived it, and my only aim has been to reflect, somehow, the essential color of it as it was. When the scholars have wearied of discussion, the fact remains: this ship went around the world. I have taken very much to heart the Captain-General's order: "Follow the flagship, and ask no questions."

In the spelling of proper names I have chosen the more common English form wherever possible or necessary; this leads to inevitable inconsistencies, but it makes for clearness. To write Magellan "Magalhães" and alter it to "Magallanes" when he altered it, though strictly in accord with the fact of the matter, would be needlessly confusing; his name, of course, is not Magellan, and never was. But Christoforo Colombo's name was never Columbus, nor yet Cristóbal Colón.

The sources I have used are rather too numerous to mention in detail. Firstly, I am indebted to Antonio Pigafetta, who was with Magellan on the voyage around the world, and whose book, so admirably translated by Mr. J. A. Robertson, has been my principal guide. I have used, also, Lord Stanley's translation of the same work. I am extensively indebted to Mr. F. H. H. Guillemard's *Life of Magellan* for vital information and for the indication of original sources. I have consulted numerous medieval maps and charts and sailing directions, the charts of the British Admiralty, and the "South American Pilot" of the United States Hydrographic Office. I wish also to mention the *Travels of Luigi Varthema*, the *Book of Duarte Barbosa*, the *Commentaries of Alfonso d'Albuquerque*, the *Voyages of Vasco da Gama*, the works of Argensola, Correa, Galvano, Castanheda and Linschoten, and certain other of the invaluable publications of the Hakluyt Society.

ARTHUR S. HILDEBRAND.

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MAGELLAN

Chapter I

Of the state of geography in the year 1493; and of the work of the Infante Henrique, known as Prince Henry the Navigator; and how the Portuguese nation sought a route to the East.

In the year 1493 a Queen's page might stand on the terrace of the palace at Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, and look down over the city at the ships anchored in the Tagus. The river broadens just above Lisbon, spreading up into the quiet hills to form a broad pool where ships may ride in comparative tranquillity; when seen from a height the gray-green water appears to lie under the blazing sky as still as a sheet of glass, but close to the quays the tide, in swirls and eddies, with harassed little waves that roll and foam continuously in one place, goes rushing out to sea. The ships lie all one way, like sheep in the wind; the current gurgles along their sides, keeping the hawsers taut, and rolling and bumping the little shore-boats under the high sterns that rise like unsteady leaning castles. Great banners are streaming. Clewed-up courses, vast squares of dull yellow canvas, billow and slat, and lateen

sails on their tall yards, half-set for drying, fill, and shake, and thunder. The smoke of the try-pots, where the pitch is melting, drifts sideways through the rigging; the sharp thrilling sound of the caulkers' mallets comes up across the terraced house-tops, with the rumble of carts and the braying of donkeys in the hidden shadowy streets. The Queen's page may watch the little boats coming ashore, and the small deliberate men stepping out on the quays.

The Mediterranean ships have been trading in the East, and about them is an air of romantic excitement. The cargoes have come the whole length of the sea in the holds of the Venetian and Genoese galleys—the banners of Venice and Genoa, in fact, are far too common in this Portuguese harbor, considering that Portugal also has her galleys and is ambitious for them. The Queen's page sees this simply as something that ought to be changed: Portuguese mariners could as well sail the length of the sea from Asia Minor and could vastly better elude or defeat the pirates that hover near the Eastern ports, off Cyprus, or under the empty headlands of Cilicia.

The merchants in the bazaars of Byzantium and Alexandria and the Phœnician cities buy their goods from the Moors, who have brought it by caravans

across Asia Minor and the deserts of Arabia. There is but a confused picture of all this; it is no more than a mysterious sort of preliminary to the fact that the ships are now in the Tagus—mysterious, but not beyond the reach of speculation. The Moors are known, being of the same fierce and noisy breed that lives in Ceuta, over on the African coast, and comes occasionally to the streets of Lisbon itself; but the Eastern cities differ from Lisbon in strange uncertain ways, and the bazaars have only analogies to speak for them. Desert . . . desert is barren country, and must look as the highland province of Traz-os-Montes would look if the hills were stripped naked and the little tumbling streams were dried up. But camels . . . monstrously tall, with soft padding feet, lunging in great strides across a strange world of sand, bringing loads of bales—those same bales—out of the East . . . confusion. And at the other end of the caravan routes, in what sort of cities do the praus come in to unload the bales that the camels are waiting to bring? What are praus? And what sort of men? And is the sea the same everywhere? And beyond the sea: India, the Islands, Cathay . . . a romantic sort of excitement and long wonder.

But, after all, there were better ships in the Tagus

than the traders from the East. The Explorers. A boy could think of these without confusion; there they lay, Portuguese ships, with the Royal arms of King John floating above them, and Portuguese men aboard of them. In this there was no baffling question of cargoes brought by caravans to cities that were different—how could a city be different? —or other races of men, or countries that showed dimly through a haze of contradictions. The ships of the Explorers went down along the coast of Africa as far as they dared to go. In 1487 Captain Bartholomew Diaz had dared to go all the way around the Stormy Cape—a name which Prince Henry had long ago altered to Cape of Good Hope. A simple, direct, courageous business: to go, and find out, and answer questions.

The way led down the Tagus, and then South, past Cape St. Vincent, over the rolling sea.

But in 1394 the way was all unknown. Prince Henry, the third son of King John I of Portugal, was born in that year; it was he who had the idea. He became very serious at an age when most men are still adventuring. To be sure, he himself had had his adventure: in Ceuta, with a royal expedition which his father had sent out to subdue the Moors—a troublesome people, the Moors, in

Prince Henry's view of it, since all along the Eastern trade routes, from the Persian Gulf to the Pillars of Hercules, their presence interfered with the clean sweep which Portugal ought, of right, to have. The galleys of Venice and Genoa had been on the coast, eager to trade; the Moors had joined with them; the combination was a formidable one, and Portugal had no more than the accidental leakages from it—cargoes which happened to be not contracted for, and couldn't be sent elsewhere. Portugal, taking dribblings from Venice and Genoa and the Moors!

The Pillars of Hercules were the end and limit of the ancient world. But Portugal lay beyond them.

The western coast of Africa, geographically considered, was no more than a continuation of the western coast of Portugal. To the clear vision of a young man with an absorbing conviction, this seemed no more than a simple fact. The Moors of Ceuta had spoken of countries that lay far to the South, which were to be reached, if they were to be reached at all, by sea. There were continuing coasts and inhabited countries, so far as the Moors' knowledge went. Beyond their knowledge—well, was it more probable that there were other countries still, or that the land inconclusively faded? Prince

Henry found himself unable to picture a road that went endlessly into nowhere.

Returning home from Ceuta, with his reputation about him like an aura, the Prince received flattering recognition of his military skill. His Majesty King Henry V offered the supreme command of the armies of England. The Emperor of Germany tendered a similar request. But these monarchs failed to see that Prince Henry's thoughts lay in another direction; they did not realize that his enthusiasm in fitting out that expedition against the Moors and the ardor and gallantry of his conduct before Ceuta, were but vicarious expressions of his desire to dedicate himself, in some manner peculiarly his own, to the service of mankind. He declined their offers of employment and the glory which they implied, and set about his business.

To this end he established a monastic sort of retreat on a cliff on the southern coast of Portugal, just to the eastward of Cape St. Vincent. A high, barren, inaccessible place, with loud breakers at its feet, swallowed by fogs, swept by winds and rain-squalls from the sea, where the Chapel of the Navigators and a few small white buildings perched in secure isolation. In Lisbon, there had been too many intolerant smiles at his fanatical concentra-

tion, and his studies were too often interrupted by the knocking of repeated opportunities. The King, his father, thinking it a pity, no doubt, that a lad of such brilliant promise should thus turn out to be good for nothing, lacking in ambition, unable to see where his advantage lay, nevertheless let him go. The Prince went to Sagres, the Sacred Promontory, and closed a door behind him. Twenty-two years later he died, behind that same door.

He was convinced that there was a way around Africa. However, when he came to consider the matter in his seclusion, not being actually on the soil of Africa, he saw that the basis for the conviction was no more than his wish that it might be true. All the great geographers denied the possibility. They did not agree as to their reasons, but at any rate they all denied it. According to some, the West Coast of Africa turned to the westward at the equator, and continued to the edge. Others admitted a continuation to the southward—a continuation so great, indeed, that it implied a curving continent which actually surrounded the Indian Ocean with a vast sweep of territory marked "Terra Incognita" and joined with the mainland of Asia in the East; certainly Africa, continued, they said; it continued all the way to Cathay. Either of these

conceptions was conclusive. That they should differ from each other in general principle and in detail was, to be sure, nothing extraordinary; that they must all be proven wrong was a more serious matter.

Since those days—and Prince Henry himself was the pioneer in the matter—geography has gone ahead so fast that the map-makers have been in a constant state of readjustment to the new facts that explorers have brought in. The map-makers are recorders, following the ships. But in the year 1440 it was the other way about. Map-makers were craftsmen who followed their own traditions, expressing the piety of their cosmic conceptions or indulging their tastes for decorative effects with whatever necessary disregard of reality. If the map was a handsome one and had the Holy Sepulcher or the Garden of Eden in its center, the map-makers rubbed their hands, said "Amen," and looked up with a challenge in their eyes. The opinions of geographical authorities rested on philosophical demonstration; if a sailor failed to raise the indicated continent above his horizon, he was puzzled, and went over his figures again, and dutifully reported that a current must have set him off his course. The ancients were "learned men, skilled in navigation"; that a humble sailor—"a plain man,

your Worships, who follows his trade"—should set his word against the pronouncements of Aristotle, was simple presumption. Ptolemy, though he had been dead a thousand years, was a Great Name, a name, literally, to conjure with, and the trick which it performed in Prince Henry's generation consisted in making men think that since geography itself, in the nature of things, could not change, men's knowledge of geography could not change either. Ptolemy's map of the world, indeed, for all it ended in an ornamental border, was much more closely accurate than the maps of Prince Henry's own day. But there was no way for Prince Henry to know this.

In the modern sense of the word, Prince Henry was no navigator. He went on no voyages of his own. Rather, he set himself to gather information, to reconcile the opinions of the authorities, and to form, by means of scholarly research conducted within four quiet walls, a reasonable working hypothesis of how the world was laid out. His hobby grew under his hands until his cloistered study became an Institute of Geography; he became an authority himself and made a map of his own.

Certainly he worked in darkness. The most fanciful tale of a traveler who had seen men who carried their heads dangling in their hands might

contain some kernel of truth. Some map-maker who had never been farther from home than the foot of the monastery garden might indicate that Constantinople was as far from Jerusalem as from London, and be palpably absurd; but his implication, uttered in the same breath, shown on the same map, that a ship might attain India by skirting Africa, might be real knowledge of tremendous importance. A vessel blown off in a gale might sight land, and, in reporting it, say no more than that she did not know where she was; on the other hand, she might have been within a hand's breadth of doubling the size of the navigable portion of the North Atlantic. It was for Prince Henry to decide.

Gradually, Portugal became aware of the tradition which was being formed. The Portuguese nation became conscious of her geographical destiny. King John II, when he came to the throne in 1481, felt himself selected to alter the aspect of the world. History, which had become no more than a thin trickle of royal intermarriages, private assassinations, ecclesiastical nonsense, and clumsy insignificance, became a sudden stream of purpose. The world awoke—and started. Monarchs, now special and prominent personalities, set about making their countries great; Martin Luther revised the

conception of the limitations and opportunities of religion; a common restlessness became both a cause and a result of a new and moving spirit in mankind —and the ships of Portugal went exploring.

John II would be called a more "practical" man than Prince Henry—an estimation, however, which overlooks the fact that he is practical who plans ahead. It was John's policy to sail first and consult the maps afterward. But it should not be forgotten that this policy would have been humanly impossible without Prince Henry, who had collected information, built better ships, sent out explorers, and—of far greater importance than any of these—opened men's minds to possibilities. It was natural that a king should come afterwards who should investigate the possibilities—but they were Prince Henry's possibilities.

Plainly, this was no time to call any one a dreamer or a visionary. The new state of mind was of obvious value. A visit to the Institute of Geography at Sagres, a brief consultation with one of the navigators, an excited survey of Fra Mauro's great map, an enthusiastic skimming of what would now be called the West African Pilot, was enough to let a man see that he could get him a ship, and go.

Indeed, if King John had done no more than

say, over and over again, whenever a hard-eyed mariner asked for audience, hardly waiting for the sea-farer to state his project, "Get you a ship and go," the results would hardly have been different.

In 1370 Robert Machin, of Bristol, eloping with his sweetheart, Anne d'Arfet, discovered the Island of Madeira; in 1416, the survivors of this episode —which did not include Robert Machin and his lady—returned to report. In 1418 Juan Gonzalez Zarco and Tristram Vaz, sent out on the basis of this report, went also to Madeira, with the result that the island was settled and established as a colony of Portugal. Madeira is not far from Portugal, and the attainment of it, in itself, was of no great importance. But it was one of Prince Henry's possibilities. If land was thus to be discovered to the westward and southward across the Atlantic, there was no telling what else might be true—no telling, that is, except by going to find out.

Now watch the progress of discovery down the West Coast of Africa.

In 1431, the Canary Islands.

In 1441, Cape Blanco.

In 1445, Cape Verde.

In 1446, the C. Verde Islands.

In 1470, the island of St. Thomas.

In 1484, the mouth of the Congo River.

In 1485, Cape Negro.

In 1487, Bartholomew Diaz rounded the Cape of Good Hope. After this the West Coast was no more than an incident in longer voyages.

There remained the route to India.

In 1481 Pedro de Corvilhão was sent to investigate the route from the Eastern end; he attained Zanzibar, which lies on the East Coast, on the Indian Ocean side. Between Zanzibar and the farthest point reached by Diaz there was a gap in the evidence—a gap quite inconsiderable in comparison with the immense lengths of coast that had been accomplished. The wish was father to the thought that this gap was no more than good going in open water.

By the year 1493 the world was ready for three great navigators.

Vasco da Gama was a Gentleman of the Household of King John.

Christopher Columbus was on his way back from America.

Ferdinand Magellan, a lad of thirteen, was a page to the Queen, standing on the terrace of the palace, looking down over the city at the ships anchored in the Tagus.

Chapter II

How Ferdinand Magellan came to the Court at Lisbon, and of the news he heard there; of Vasco da Gama's and other expeditions; and how Magellan enlisted for service in India.

Ferdinand Magellan was born about the year 1480 at Sabrosa, near Chaves, in the Province of Traz-os-Montes—the only province of Portugal that does not touch the sea. Perhaps it was because of this circumstance that the sea was so great a revelation to him when he did see it. No great love of it, at any rate, impelled him to run away from home to go adventuring; he came to Lisbon simply because he was an eldest son of a noble family, and it was customary for the gentlemen of the realm to be educated at Court. It meant no more than putting a boy in the way of opportunity.

The old estate at Sabrosa was the family seat, a baronial domain, with the ancestral arms above the door—arms which, years afterward, were torn down by the King's command—yet the house itself was not so much an official establishment as a great *hacienda*, a ranch-house, with its wine presses and

raisin sheds and stables gathered about it; within, a broad secluded patio and bare crude rooms with only the furnishings of elemental necessity. For the tenants it was like a central market town, to which the whole business of life was related; for the family it was something of a monastery. Existence was an uneventful, unhurried succession of days of peace, so shut in by environment, so isolated by the surrounding hills, that the affairs of the town in the next valley seemed without influence, and the Court at Lisbon, wrapped in a mist of great names and vague and incomprehensible splendor, was no more than a remote, an incredible, possibility.

He was very young when he knew that he was to go to Court. At times it seemed something like a miracle that from his quiet country life he should go to take his place among the great; more often, considering the circumstances, he looked forward to his entrance there in a panic of reluctance and embarrassment and the knowledge of what was expected of him, the repeated intimation that he must not disgrace the family, was hardly reassuring. To Court he must go; there was no way to escape from it. He could hope for nothing but that he should find some way to make his destiny tolerable.

Confiding his reluctancies to his elders—to those who were inexorably sending him away—he was often told that he was as good a man as the next—did he fancy, forsooth, that the wine these courtiers drank was made of something else than grapes?—and that the surest way to confidence in himself was a determined assumption of hard and haughty superiority. Whether it happened in this way or in some other way, certainly it is true that he went to the Court and through all his life thereafter looked every man in the eye; he strode through difficulties and resistances with the irresistible confidence of a driven ship in a gale of wind and swept over obstacles with a bold and splendid sort of arrogance.

So his shyness wore off—rather, he put it off, as he would have firmly put off a cloak that he found unsuitable. And from being a country boy, gaping at the splendor of the Court, one of the rabble that threw up their caps when the King went by, he became a part of the splendor, a courtier himself, a Gentleman of the Household. It was, to put it simply, a great thing for him. Assuredly he was in the path of opportunity; considering the spirit of the times, he was in the path of the one dominating opportunity of the age. The whole atmos-

phere of Lisbon, the whole idea of Portugal, the whole trend of life itself, was one overwhelming current. Talk of ships and voyages and great captains was a part of every conversation, and the coast of Africa, with those stone pillars which the explorers had set up on every distant headland, was always in the background of imagination. It was not necessary for him to seize a fleeting moment of inspiration; there was no question of his selecting his direction. The times put his opportunity in his hands, and he had but to say, "I'll go." He might have added, "Of course."

Consider that Prince Henry had been dead for thirty-three years. King John II, inspired by the traditions of the Navigator, was sending out, one after another, explorers of unbelievable courage on voyages such as the world had never seen. The way around Africa was as good as completed, experimentally. The whole world was changing. Sitting quietly at home—sitting quietly anywhere—one had always an urgent and thrilling intuition that somewhere, out beyond, at that very instant, a man was looking on something that no man had looked upon before, a lonely ship was bursting into a silent sea.

Christopher Columbus had come back to Seville

and told how he had found the Indies by sailing to the West. It might not be true. King John, at least, since he had had the chance to send out that fleet himself, and had not taken it, preferred to think that it was not true. Many years passed, and Columbus made several other voyages before Queen Isabella of Spain felt her first disquieting intimations that it was not true; it was reasonable enough, perhaps, in theory—only, had this man done it? There was lack of real confirmation. There were little things that did not fit into the picture. Perhaps India when reached from the West was different from India when reached from the East! Columbus had found something. But . . . India?

In 1495 King John died, and Manuel, first of the House of Viseu, came to the throne of Portugal.

Columbus, on his subsequent voyages, found other islands of the same character as those found at first. It might be that these were the outlying islands of the Empire of Japan, omitted, by some quite forgiveable carelessness, from the maps—from Prince Henry's map, even. It might be that that one great island, so luxurious in vegetation, so beautiful, so rich in possibilities, but without the great and magnificent cities, inhabited only by naked savages, was indeed an undeveloped portion of Japan.

Columbus said so—brought back, in fact, an affidavit, signed by all his officers, under threat of death, to prove that it was so. And yet, in the back of one's mind, there was always a reservation. Even in spite of the affidavit one was not sure. In these new lands no one *recognized* India.

His Holiness Pope Alexander VI did what he could to avoid unpleasantness; with a ruler he drew a line on the map three hundred leagues to the westward of Cape Verde—to the East, Portugal's domain; to the West, Spain's. This did not, in itself, reveal the truth; no one was able, moreover, to measure three hundred leagues, and no one was sure at just what point, on the other side of the earth, East began and West left off. But it definitely turned Don Manuel's mind to the East. He resolved on action. He already had in hand that route around Africa; there was nothing to be gained by doubting Columbus until he had definitely tested the alternative. It was time to get a ship, and go. For commander of the expedition: Vasco da Gama.

Vasco da Gama had been standing by, waiting until his King should select him for some enterprise worthy his courage and steadfastness and experience. Where and how he gained his experience no one knows; that King Manuel selected him, how-

ever, is a fact, and all the world knows that the event justified the choice. A fleet of four vessels was prepared; as ships went in those days, they were excellent—Bartholomew Diaz had something to say in the matter of their design. They had moderate sheer and their stern works did not rise up so like tottering wooden forts—a trend of design which, if it had been followed, would have altered ships thereafter for the better and would have anticipated by four hundred years the ultimate in sea-goers. Captain Diaz, indeed, might have been the logical choice as commander, since he was the only man alive who knew the route by the Cape, but King Manuel was given to arbitrary decisions, and always pleased himself.

At Belem, just below Lisbon on the Tagus, the fleet was dedicated to its purpose, the standards were blessed—the royal arms of Portugal and the great white banner of the Order of Christ—and the Captain General, on his knees before the high altar, swore his oath, God helping him, to do or die. Like virgin knights who watch their arms, the commander and his captains spent the night in the chapel, and in the morning, in solemn procession, with lighted candles in their hands, following the priests of Our Lady of Belem, they embarked from

the beach at Belem tower. The shore was crowded, and the people wept to see the flag at the stern of the Captain General's barge, to hear the quavering chant of the priests, the shrill trumpets, the thundering drums. The flag went aboard. The mariners tramped around the capstan. The ships swept down the river, making sail as they went, over the bar, across Cascaes Bay, and so to sea. "If any ship be separated from the fleet, let her go to the rendezvous at Cape Verde." Beyond that, South, below the Line, bound vaguely, on the longest voyage that ever had been made by sea, "for India," on a mission which no one could clearly understand.

After twenty-six months one of the ships came back. She had been to India, and she was home again.

King Manuel was enthusiastic. He wrote to his father-in-law, the King of Spain, to say that he was delighted; another letter, destined for His Holiness the Pope, was of similar import. It is doubtful, however, if either of these potentates were as pleased as Manuel naïvely fancied they would be —especially His Majesty the King of Spain; especially since Manuel signed himself "Don Manuel, by the Grace of God King of Portugal and of the Algarves on this side of and beyond the Sea, Lord

of Guinea, and of the Conquest, Navigation, and Commerce of Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia and India."

All this was very stirring. But for Magellan, nineteen years old, and thus present while such things as this were being written into history, there was a personal connotation, a special, individual inspiration, in the fact that there were now in Lisbon —captains of ships in the royal palace, swaggering sailors in the taverns—men who had been in India, who could tell tales of Calicut in Malabar, who had had adventures in the East. These men, these actual men before his eyes, were the heroes of the tales; the Moors were the villains; the scene was the other side of the world.

. . . A very fat business the Moors make of it; they're root and trunk and limb and leaf of the whole trouble. The Malabaris are with them in it, and Persians and Arabians and Egyptians and the men of Venice, too—Christian men, by the Saints, under the banner of their St. Mark!—sailing to Mecca, no less, on the same deck with Moors and murderers. Well, trade levels us all. And we, in from sea in stout ships, all around Cape of Good Hope—and God rest Prince Henry—not touching their camels and sandy paths and triple trans-shipments, seeking a share in the trade, or the whole

of it, if God defends the right—we're cheats and thieves and pirates, according to the tale they tell to the Rajahs, who know no better than to believe. So if we come in peace or war, it's all one; we have the Moors to fight.

. . . They're Christians in Calicut. Yet they're not exactly Christians, either. A man would be put to it to say if it were true. There's a church in the town, made all of cast bronze, wonderful to see. Yet it's not like our churches; there's a queer look about it, like something foreign; more like a heathen temple, if the truth were told. In it is a statue of a man, made all of solid gold, with rubies for the eyes, so cleverly set that he looks at you wherever you are and follows wherever you go as if it were some saint. Yet he has a great ugly face, very fierce, with teeth sticking out and four arms. We saw a picture of Our Blessed Lady—they call her by a different name, though—and we said a prayer before it, seeing they were willing we should. Joao de Sala said to our Captain-General, kneeling beside him, "If this be the Devil, I worship God!" It was all obscure in the darkness, and hidden. The Captain-General only smiled.

. . . Why, they were trying to destroy us, even in Africa, even before we were in India at all. One

night at Mombasa we felt the cable shaking, as if the current made it tremble, or a big fish was against it, and we ran on deck. Some of the Moors that live in Mombasa had swum out, with their knives in their teeth, and were going to cut us adrift. We hailed the flagship to tell them and then sent a boat. Here were a dozen of those thieving Moors hanging to our fore chains, waiting their chance to come aboard. We might have lost the old "Berrio" that night; she'd have gone ashore.

. . . We asked for pilots in Mombasa, and they sent us one, a man reputed skilful, but a rogue, it was plain to see with one look at him, and one of the kind that knows everything. Besides, he was a Moor. We wouldn't trust him for the voyage and so he offered—acting under orders from ashore, he was bound to do some evil deed—he offered to take us into the inner harbor to a better anchorage than where we lay. The Captain-General sent him skipping over the side. He'd have put us onto the beach. That's what they wanted. If we were run ashore at night, right where their army was await for us in the woods, what chance would we have had, with the ships afire and us fighting in the dark without telling one man's face from another's, and who could have said then if we had been lost at

sea, or what had happened? We left that place. Off Malindi we came on a prau and chased and took her; there was an old Moor in her and a young woman with him; we exchanged those two for a pilot. He was a man of India, and he took us to Calicut, past the banks off the Laccadive Islands, safe enough. There's evil places in the Eastern Seas, with winds fit to blow the masts out of the ship, and waves like hills, and shallow water. We ought to have pilots of our own. It'll come, I suppose.

. . . We sent a man ashore as soon as we got an anchor down in India, and the people came flocking around him and talked to him in Arab, thinking he was a Moor. They didn't know any better. They got nothing by that, so they took him to a house where two Moors were living, and one of them could speak Spanish; he'd been in Spain, or on Spanish ships, or somewhere—a wild, roving devil; there's a special hell for his sort. His name was Bontaybo. He caught sight of our man, saw what he was in an instant, and knew that his game was up. "Devil take you!" he says. "What are you doing here?" Not that he didn't know. But the truth was scared out of him before he had time to think. The only time in his life, most likely.

. . . The King of Calicut is named Zamorin. . . . It is! I heard them call him that. Oh. Well, whatever you like. I thought it was his name. . . . The Zamorin of Calicut, then, was friendly enough at first. He was off on an expedition when we got there, and we sent word to him, and he invited us to come and see him, and got to the city almost as soon as we did. He was alone, do you see? I mean, there weren't any Moors with him. The crowd was fairly seething; we carried the Captain-General through to the Palace doors, and then we had to draw knives and fight to get in. The Zamorin gave us welcome in his own way and said that King Manuel was his friend and brother. His manner said that. There were Moors to do the interpreting, of course, and they'll say anything. There was a deal of talking, first and last. The sun was nearly down when we began and it was black night when we got through. Then this Bontaybo arranged it that we should go to his house again for the night, and see the Zamorin in the morning. "We'll see the King in the morning," he said. Only he spent the day telling lies to the Zamorin and hatching up a plot, and he never came near us. We were locked in; that's what it

amounted to. He wouldn't let us go to the Zamorin, or send word to the ships, or anything.

. . . For three days it was like that. Or maybe four. Then they let us bring some of our goods ashore and rig a kind of temporary warehouse, with Diego Diaz and Alvora de Braga in charge. They let us go. But they kept Diego and Alvora, so we were just where we were in the first place. A man wouldn't have to think very hard to see that the Moors were having it all their own way. There's no guessing what they told the Indians, but it got so that whenever they saw any of our men they'd spit on the ground and say "Portugal! Portugal!" The Captain-General told us not to pay any attention to it. But we did have one little fight with them at the warehouse.

. . . All summer we stood off and on. It was the hottest place I ever was in. Why, there's places there where the birds are killed in the air as they fly, just by the heat of the sun. First the Zamorin would tell us that we were his friends and could have anything we wanted, and then he'd say we could go where we came from, if we wanted to, or anywhere else, and he wouldn't care if we never found the way. Back and fill, getting nowhere.

And then it turned out that he was just killing time waiting. You'll wonder what he was waiting for. Why, there was a Moorish fleet on the way from Mecca and he was waiting for that. Yes. He thought the Moors could fight us. I wish it had happened. It was this Bontaybo that told us. That'll show you the kind of man he was. Playing two games at once, never dreaming that we were the ones to see through it. Well, he's under hatches now, right here in Lisbon, with none of his scheming friends around him.

. . . If it hadn't been for those six knights we'd have been there yet, I believe. The Indians were ready to trade, mind you, and they used to like to come aboard. We got these six on the flagship, what with one thing and another, playing very cautious and saying nothing, and then we had something to exchange for Diego and Alvora. Except that we only let two of them go, and they were two that happened to break out and swim for it. We wasted one other, besides that, by sending him ashore with a letter for the Zamorin. The Captain-General told the Zamorin that he was very sorry for the way things had happened, and all. We sent ashore one of our stone pillars, too, just before we sailed,

but I don't know if they set it up. The Moors would pull it down again most likely.

. . . Of course Captain da Gama's a great sailor —nobody ever doubted it. He took us out, and he brought us home again. A sailor, yes. If you'd been along, you'd see. Four months offshore, slamming ahead, flat on the wind, through big head seas, jumping so a lamp wouldn't keep burning below, spell on and spell off around pumps, and the gear carrying away aloft and dropping down around us. Listen; there's a curse on that Cape. Imps of hell riding the wind, that always blows one way, and seas like those hills across the Pool, rushing along. There was trouble among the men, but the Captain-General never gave in to us. And then, at the end of it, the Moors. You can't trust what a Moor says, and you'd think he'd know it. But the Captain-General let it go on day after day. He's too patient; that's what it is. It wasn't Cabral's way of doing things.

. . . Ah, Cabral! There was a man for you. When Don Manuel sent Captain Cabral out—we sailed in March, 1500; maybe you remember it—he told him to set up a warehouse and get a monopoly in spite of the Moors. Peace if they wanted it, but

if they so much as whispered—war! That's what he told him. It was war, right enough. The famous fleet was there from Mecca that time, when we got in, and the Zamorin just sat back to watch them chase us out. Moors. What could they do? There wasn't enough wind to sail, and they couldn't row; they just lay there, tangled all together in a mess like seaweed on the tide. We gave them broadsides and watched the splinters fly. They put up the white flag soon enough, but Cabral didn't pay any attention to that. There weren't many that got out of it. And then he bombarded the town. Ho! You should have seen it! We lay off the shore in a big half circle and dropped round shot thick in the streets and houses and temples and the Palace, singing over and plopping through the roofs and thumping on the stones. Most of our guns blew up, but we broke out spares and kept them coming. There was nobody left to watch it towards the end. The Zamorin had to run for it himself. I don't believe we're going to hear much more from Calicut.

. . . No, we're through with Calicut. Cochin is a better place, anyway. There's fewer Moors there; and that makes a town. The King of Cochin will listen to reason, there being no one to whisper in his

ear. The warehouse is all established, with the flag flying, and the goods in it and the traders crowding around, and the pepper coming off to the ships—you've seen it, down on the quays. Cochin is our place in the East. It looks as if Cochin is going to be permanent.

. . . Oh, things aren't too quiet there, at that. I was out with Captain Nueva in 1501, and the trouble isn't over, by a bombard. Didn't my brother lose his arm from one of their poisoned darts, and King Manuel doing nothing for him?—Excuse me, young gentleman; I spoke before I thought; it's true, though. Well. Plenty of trouble left yet. The merchants and traders can tell you; it's a case of money in one hand and goods in the other, and never taking your eye off your man. Nobody dares turn his back for a second or show a knife in his hand; and while the ships are away the whole thing breaks down, such as it is, and has to be begun again from the beginning. The men that went out with Captain da Gama on his second voyage say the same thing, and Albuquerque's men, that have been in Arabia, and De Menesis'. There'll be trouble, and fighting, and the Moors will be talking. It's not fixed—yet—as it ought to be.

Men were going out by thousands. By thousands they went out, and yet, what with ships lost on uncharted coasts or foundering at sea in gales of wind, sudden deaths in fierce fights, fevers to carry off the wounded, and, above all, that curse of old sea-going days, the scurvy, it was by hundreds that they came back. Almost it might be said that there were no able men left in Lisbon—only these survivors who told the tale, and the men too young to go, and the old men, whose days were numbered.

Strangely enough, it was these old men who were the most significant, for among them were those who could remember Prince Henry the Navigator, and the days when the world ended this side of Cape Verde, when the maps were sketches, made in monasteries, of what might be, when there was no Western Hemisphere, and the East was a myth made up of travelers' tales. Only those who knew from their own experience what had been accomplished in the space of forty years could judge of the change that had come over the face of the world.

King Manuel was as bewildered as the rest. So long an interval elapsed between the going and the coming of a fleet that the news if brought was out

of date at once, and the situation reflected in a Captain's reports was altered while the words were being read. Lisbon—Lisbon, the center of the world!—was too remote to hold together that new Empire in the East. But was it an Empire? Or was it a field of exploration? Don Manuel could not quite make up his mind.

In 1500 Gaspar Cortereal had been sent to Labrador. He reached the Port of Missing Ships. Subsequently, men were sent to look for him. Cabral, on his way to India, had stood too far to the westward and had found the land of Santa Cruz; later it became known as South America. These were the last of the great voyages of Portuguese exploration. They were hardly more than concessions to the idea of a New World in the West; they simply showed that Portugal was looking towards the East. As a fact, at last, it showed itself to Manuel.

Well, then. The route to India was long; it bristled with dangers and swarmed with treacherous enemies. The East Coast of Africa, which was so significant a portion of it, must be more fully investigated; harbors must be found and improved,

with forts built to guard them; there must be churches established for the conversion of the benighted souls which chance had placed in Manuel's pious hands; there must be hospitals and warehouses and shipyards and depots of supplies. Above all, there must be friendly relations wherever this was possible. And as for India itself: that calamitous nonsense at Calicut must never be allowed to happen again—it had cost a thousand men and a dozen ships and uncounted gold, and, at the end of five years, the King of Calicut was a boiling enemy. At Cochin, to be sure, there was an establishment; the flag flew above the warehouse, but it flew from a precarious staff, and the treaty that existed was no more than a scrap of perishable paper, signed with a name no one could read. Cochin must be a Portuguese city, a capital of the new Empire. It was an experiment. It had never before been done successfully. But now it must be done.

Vasco da Gama was appointed Admiral of India, with jurisdiction over all that concerned the East. He was ordered to prepare a fleet for the subjugation of Cochin and to equip it for the establishment of an Oriental empire. He was bade remember that King Manuel had, these many years, signed

himself "Lord of the Conquest, Navigation, and Commerce of Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia, and India."

In the autumn of the year 1504 the ships were ready. Men were being recruited, given commands, offered bright opportunities, asked if they were willing to go to the East to make their fortunes. The air was astir with great projects. Magellan was but twenty-four years old, without experience, without training, except what he had given himself in hours of study; he could hope for nothing great. But he must go; in some manner or other he must manage it. He enlisted as a common seaman and took his place in the fleet under the command of Captain Nuño Vaz Pereira. There were eight great men-o'-war and six smaller ones, six caravels, two knock-down galleys, and a bargantym; Don Francisco de Almeida was appointed to the command, "to be Viceroy of India for our Lord the King"; there were fifteen hundred men-at-arms, two hundred gunners, four hundred seamen, besides the artisans and officers; it was the mightiest armada that had ever sailed South from Tagus. At the Cathedral there was a special Mass and Confession; the standards were blessed, "that royal flag of white damask with Christ's Cross in crimson satin em-

broidered with gold"; Captain Almeida, after a moment of silent prayer, received his Commission and took his oath for loyalty and for accomplishment, "a fine and noble man, and his qualities attracted others of like character." In October, 1504, they sailed from Belem Tower.

Chapter III

Of the voyage to India, and what transpired there; what happened to the Zamorin of Calicut on the coast of Malabar; and how a new Viceroy of India arrived at the city of Cochin; and how Magellan saw the great city of Malacca.

The fleet touched at the Canaries and at Fort Dale on the Guinea coast, and thence went South for the Cape.

The route across the South Atlantic, as the wind system of that ocean defines it, lies well away from the bordering continents—indeed, it was a too meticulous following of this rule that had taken Cabral, without his intending it, to the Brazilian coast three years before. For ships such as Almeida's a fair wind was little less than essential, since they could be made to go to windward only by the most patient persistence, the most heart-breaking determination; they carried no fore and aft sails except their lateen spankers; they were deficient in lateral resistance, so that they made excessive leeway; they pitched so violently that it needed a roaring breeze of wind

to keep their sails well filled; they were so full-bodied, so bowl-like at the bows, that a head sea impeded their progress as if they were making their way through drifts of snow.

Along the African coast the Trades blow in a northwesterly direction, so nearly parallel to the trend of the land that it is not possible to reach down on the starboard tack, while on the port tack a ship cannot hope to lie better than southwest. It is better, therefore, to stand to the southwestward at once on leaving Cape Verde, the more so since there is, in the southern Horse Latitudes, a northerly wind on the western side of the eddy, which joins with the prevailing Antarctic westerlies that blow around the world. It follows that the proper course is southwesterly as far as forty South, thirty West, gradually bringing the wind aft until, dead before it, one may run due East, well below the Cape. Almeida kept to the westward and rounded the Cape in forty-four South, almost six hundred miles from land, turning North only when he had a clear reach through the Madagascar Channel before the southwest monsoon.

It is natural, of course, that the sailing directions of Almeida's day should be so similar to those which obtain to-day, since the winds had been blowing in

precisely that same arrangement for thousands of years before any ship took advantage of them; what is remarkable, however, is that the Portuguese navigators, after the experience of no more than a dozen voyages, had so accurately determined the conditions. It is assuredly safer, as it is more practical, to double the Cape at six hundred miles than at ten; yet it is remarkable that Almeida, passing at so great a distance, should have known when he had left the Cape behind him. For his means of determining latitude were so unsatisfactory as to be little more than primitive, and he had no means whatever of determining longitude beyond an estimation of speed which he was able to make by watching the passing water beside the rail. His judgment of his East and West position rested solely on that uncertain basis. Besides, he had to keep together his twenty-one ships.

Indeed, passages were slow, many ships were lost, and the sacrifice of men's lives was appalling—and yet, with evident tranquillity, men did set out, did arrive, and did return again. In all ages, sailors have done the best they could with the facilities at hand—which, by a strange and implied sense of justice in the elements, is adequate.

The instructions were to consolidate the East

Coast of Africa by the establishment of a chain of forts, but Almeida, with a nervousness quite understandable, proceeded to Cochin with the least possible delay. He did, indeed, build a fort at Zanzibar and organized a regular pilot service for the conduct of ships across the Indian Ocean, but being cut off from all news and all authority, being, in both senses of the phrase, "at sea," his chief concern was with India itself. He was a man of experience in life; he had too often seen the main issue vanish into nothingness just as all was to be made secure for the completion of the details. Portugal was in the East now for all time; the forts in Africa could wait.

His immediate anxiety proved groundless. On the arrival of the new Viceroy at Cochin, the King came down to meet him; an enormous gathering of people stood by to watch, and the Indian armies were drawn up in their showiest array; the King himself, surrounded by twelve men in armor, in a gorgeously adorned howdah, rode on the back of an elephant; before him walked his trumpeters and men with kettle-drums. The distant mountains lifted up their crests to the flaming sky, the tall trees stood breathless on the low shores, the white walls of the houses blazed like jewels, the trumpets

screamed, the kettle-drums rumbled thunder. So many elephants that their backs were like the sea itself; so many people as shall be gathered on the day of resurrection. India.

Magellan watched it. He thought of the tales brought back by Columbus' men: the mountains of Hispaniola, the palms on the coral reefs, the naked savages in their canoes, bought with a red cap or a ball of thread, childishly pleased with a bit of colored glass or a tinkling bell. That land lay like an obstacle in the road; it was discovered, but not understood; located, but not placed in the scheme of things. But this—this was India.

For a long time it was enough simply to be there; to see the familiar ships lying drowsy on the still water, rising very black out of the formless morning mists; to think back to Traz-os-Montes, halfway around the world; to watch the new mode of life, made up of splendid pageantry and abject wretchedness; to taste the quiet luscious air; to feel the strangeness and the wonder of the immemorial East. He had time to consider his own part in it, to reflect impatiently that all of it might have happened in exactly the same manner if he himself, who was no more than a spectator, had never been born. And then, when inactivity was no longer to be en-

dured, when it seemed impossible any longer to resist the impulse to push off into it in some vague way and make it his own, news came from up the coast, and there was no time to think of anything.

The Zamorin of Calicut decided on open war. From the very first, he had listened to the words of the Moors, and now when the worst had happened, and the loathed Portuguese had actually had the effrontery to send a Viceroy to Cochin, almost at his very doors, he listened again. He remembered that the King of Portugal, though he boasted of his greatness and his riches, had sent no present worthy the acceptance of a brother monarch, and that some of his own knights, though ransomed, were carried off like ignominious slaves. He entirely forgot that the matter had ended with the utter destruction of a fleet of boats, under his very eyes, and that he himself, like a hunted fugitive, with the smell of powder in his nostrils, had been chased through the streets of his own city by the thumping cannon balls from the Portuguese ships. The Moors reminded him of the wrongs that he had suffered, and found him sympathetic; they mentioned the name of Cabral, and found that it drove him to the very pinnacle of rage. He could not discern that the Moors were traders also, and that he himself, caught up in

the plans of two commercial rivals, was nothing but an instrument of their mutual distrusts. He could not remember—he did not even know the implication of the words—that it was Portugal with whom he was to fight.

The forces assembled at Calicut. On that former occasion, the King admitted that he had not been properly prepared—admitted it, since long and bitter months of humiliating reminiscence had brought the fact home to him—but he was ready now. He had, in fact, two hundred and nine vessels. Eighty-four of them were ships of considerable importance—as powerful as any, the King thought, and certainly more numerous than those that Portugal would have, seeing that that fleet was more than ten thousand miles from home, and the rest were minor galleys, trading boats, and praus. For allies, he had the Moors, upon whose hatred he could rely as upon the loyalty of his own men. As he watched the aggregation setting out for Cochin he felt assured of victory. It was to be a "once and for all" decision, a blazing combat, fiercely aflame with resentment and revenge, very swift and very terrible. So it turned out.

By the time the news of these preparations reached Cochin, a portion of the Portuguese fleet

had already sailed for home, but out of those remaining the Viceroy selected eleven vessels, as being sufficient for the matter in hand, and gave the command of them to his son, Lorenzo Almeida. The Portuguese saw in the affair no more than the adjustment of a little local trouble, but they felt the element of their responsibility to their King, and they themselves were risking life and honor. "They were all distinguished gentlemen, educated at the King's court . . . very noble men." They stood on deck with their rapiers in their hands. They met the enemy off Cannanore.

Lorenzo's flagship, under the command of Rodrigo Robello, selected the most conspicuous of the opposing vessels, ran alongside, grappled, and boarded. Six hundred Moors were chased into the sea. A few survivors were killed as they tried to swim away.

The ship of Juan Serrano was attacked by fifty praus. They swarmed about her, and the Malabaris climbed aboard from every side at once. The decks were red. Struggling fiercely for space to fight, surrounded on every side by naked steel, men shortened their weapons in their hands and fought face to face, staring into each other's eyes. Every Portuguese aboard was wounded. But at the end there

were no Malabaris left alive, and the praus drifted idly away across the water, with only here and there a forgotten body hanging limply across a rail. Simão Martinz, in a little caravel, was surrounded by four tall ships, manned by Moors and Malabaris. The boarding was like the breaking of a wave—like the breaking of several waves, since the caravel was too small for all to drop aboard at once. In repeated splintering broadsides the Portuguese used up all their powder, and then, contesting every step, the crew were driven back and forced below. And while the boarders stopped to realize their situation and to send up a breathless cheer for victory, Martinz and his men were up again among them, slashing right and left with cutlasses, driving them into corners, chopping at them as they scrambled for their lives into the shaking rigging, until there were none left to kill.

Lorenzo de Almeida then returned to battle and ranged beside a larger ship, an invincible fortress, a floating town, carrying fifteen hundred men. They lined the rail in a dozen ranks, a hedge of spears and swords; as each rank died and fell, the men behind, crawling up over their bodies, fought and fell also. And then, when the fresh men swarming in in a mad kind of panic began to make

the forces more nearly equal, and the Portuguese, from very weariness of killing, began to feel that weight of numbers, came Nuño Vaz Pereira in that brave little ship of his, and boarded from the other side. Magellan was among them and was wounded in that onslaught. The Malabaris turned to escape, and were cut down where they stood.

The battle was over, and there was no quarter. The survivors struggled up out of the heaps of dead and were killed; they tried to paddle off in half-sunk praus and were shot with their paddles in their hands; they swam despairingly through stained water and were harpooned like porpoises. More than three thousand bodies were dragged out on the beach. The seventy-five Portuguese who died that day were buried at sea, so that their numbers should not be known. Magellan, with two hundred other wounded, was sent ashore to the hospital at Cannanore.

Almeida, when he heard that the interruption was over, turned his attention to the neglected forts in Africa. He sent Nuño Vaz Pereira to Sofala; Magellan, though hardly fit for service, rejoined his ship and recovered his strength on the voyage. Sofala lies near the mouth of the Zambezi River, in what is now Portuguese East Africa; it was the first

of the fortified towns, in geographical order from the Cape, and was in consequence of considerable importance. But Pereira had hardly begun his work when he was relieved by Vasco Gomez d'Abreu, sent out with a King's commission from Lisbon, and proceeded to Mozambique.

It was off this coast that Lopo Sanchez had lost his ship on the Viceroy's original voyage: she had strained herself so that she was ready to sink, and her Captain had put her ashore. The crew, by one of these tremendous feats of courage and endurance which finds no place in history—a few bedraggled shipwrecked men, tramping along a tropical beach, trying to save their lives—had made their way to Mozambique, and there Pereira found them.

Perhaps they knew the Viceroy's plans and had been able to take some steps towards realizing them; perhaps they had been forced to be peaceable because they were so few; at any rate, there was no trouble at Mozambique. A fort was built and a church and then, because so many men had scurvy, a hospital. Magellan took his turn at caring for the sick; marmalade and conserves, it was found, were very helpful in relieving the sufferers. At the coming of the monsoon, Pereira returned to Cochin to report.

There was bad news. Those old veterans of Da Gama's voyage, telling their tales at Lisbon, had spoken truly when they said that the trouble was not yet over with in Malabar. There had been various rebellions among the native princes. The fort at Anshidive had been abandoned and razed; there was a new King at Cochin, friendly to Calicut, and disposed to any program of battle or of treachery that would dislodge the Portuguese power; the fort at Cochin had been besieged. In addition to this, the Moors had found another ally—the Sultan of Egypt. Alexandria had begun to feel the slackening of trade from Malabar, and the Sultan had been easily persuaded to do everything possible towards destroying the threatening Portuguese. With incredible difficulty he had prepared a small fleet and sent it, under the command of Mír Hoseyn, to Diu. Here the native fleets were gathered, and Malik Jaz, governor of Diu, joined his forces to the rest. In so far as the fleets were native Indian, they were no more formidable than those which had fought off Cannanore, but the presence of the Egyptians, who knew something of the arts of war as the Portuguese understood them, and thus could introduce some system of tactics, some science, in place of the wild cat-like fighting of the Malabaris, made so great a

change in the position that Portugal was defeated. Lorenzo de Almeida was killed.

The Viceroy had lost his only son. For the moment, he did not allow his grief to obscure in his mind the public and official responsibilities—he sent Captain Pereira to Ceylon on an exploring expedition, remembering that in his hands was the power of Portugal in the East and that he was bound to extend it if he could—but as time went on, and he brooded on his loss, discouragement overcame him. He had not thought his task an easy one and he was not unmindful of the fact that he had done much; but to see how tenuous was his hold on Malabar, to feel the gathering strength of new allies opposed to him, to sense the ragged edge of failure on which he stood, to know that his son was dead, were more than his fortitude could stand. By the time Magellan returned from Africa, the Viceroy had become obsessed with the thought of personal revenge. The policies of Empire, the exploration of the East, the facilities of trade, the destiny of Portugal itself, became no more to him than a background for his anger and disappointment—up the coast, to the northward, were the men who had killed his son. With all available forces, including Pereira, he set sail for Diu.

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On December 5th, 1508, as he was proceeding up the coast, he met a Portuguese fleet. The ships hove to. Almeida went to the flagship in a small boat, stepped aboard, entered the Admiral's cabin—and found himself face to face with Alfonso de Albuquerque.

The great Alfonso de Albuquerque was the Terror of the Eastern Seas. He had hitherto confined his operations to the coasts of Arabia, where he had added very considerably to the territory of which King Manuel might boast himself the lord, and enormously increased the reputation of the power of Portugal. He was given to sacking and burning cities, destroying fleets, and killing the inhabitants —*all* the inhabitants. "The armed men being disposed of, he turned his attention to the women and children." On one occasion, a ship's boy had killed over eighty native warriors by disemboweling them with a boat-hook as they tried to swim away. Wherever he had been he had left ruin and death and the banners of Portugal behind him. Now he was appointed Viceroy of India to succeed Almeida.

If Almeida accepted Albuquerque's appointment, his chance for revenge on Mír Hoseyn was gone. He did not accept it. He gave orders—being still Viceroy of India—that Albuquerque should proceed to

Cochin to await him, and sailed on for Diu, vowing to crush his enemies if it were his last act in life.

The forces opposed to him were nearly the same as on the former fatal occasion, but there was an addition of eight hundred Mamelukes, and the presence of certain Christians—certain gentlemen of Venice who wore chainmail—indicated the growing strength of those allied against the Portuguese. The first day's fighting was desperate, but gave no advantage to either side; at the end of it, the allied fleets retired to the river at Diu, satisfied that to have been undefeated was to be victorious. But Almeida was merely quickened for the contest. He had his revenge to gain, and all else was already lost. On the following day he sailed into the River.

The honor of attacking the flagship fell to Pereira, who followed again the course of action which had gained him the victory of Cannanore—he boarded from both sides at once, and fought with cannon and cross-bows and swords and daggers until Mír Hoseyn and all his men were dead. Pereira himself was killed, and Magellan was among the wounded. A broadside sank the ship of Malik Jaz. Diu and Dabul were taken and plundered—it has passed into a proverbial curse: "May the vengeance of the Franks overtake you, as it overtook Dabul."

Only twenty-two of the Mamelukes survived, and more than four thousand bodies were stacked in heaps on the bank of the river.

Even so complete a vengeance did not seem enough. Almeida was sunk more deeply than before in wretchedness and disappointment, and the satisfaction of that burning and dominating desire of his had done no more than remind him that his Viceroyalty was over. He continued in his refusal to acknowledge Albuquerque as his successor, and in the end, worn out of patience, stilled his demands by putting him in prison. It was in November, 1509—almost a year after that meeting at sea with Albuquerque—that he surrendered his office under pressure. In March of the year following, while on his return to Portugal, he was killed by the natives in Africa.

Simultaneously with his return to his headquarters after his raids on Diu and Dabul, there arrived at Cochin Diego Lopez Sequira, carrying royal orders to explore the Malay Archipelago and investigate the city of Malacca. From his distant position in Lisbon, King Manuel saw all the Eastern world in perspective; Africa, organized and fortified, led on to Arabia; Arabia, hostile, but quieted and crushed, led to India; beyond India lay that

which had become, by the altering point of view of this progressing conquest, the "real" East. Already there was a station in Ceylon. Something of the old exploring spirit came back. Again there were travelers' tales. Although trade and treasure poured into Lisbon in a way that no one could have guessed or hoped or dreamed, there was glimmering news of still greater riches in the East. The Malay Islands, as it now appeared, were the fountain and source from which came wealth. For further glory, Sequira was sent East—farther than any one had gone before. He was to report to Albuquerque at Cochin. He did so and found a somewhat unconventional situation. So, out of the necessities of the case, he reported to Almeida.

Almeida, of course, did not venture further to countermand his sovereign's orders. Under pretense of thinking Sequira's fleet insufficient for its project he added another ship, but his real reason was to have on that expedition a ship of his own and some men—as it seemed to him—more directly under his own jurisdiction. The ship which he added was Garcia de Sousa's, to whose command he transferred Magellan.

Sequira had four men-of-war and a supply ship. He sighted Ceylon and then stood across the Bay of

Bengal for Sumatra—straight into the sunrise. At Pedir and at Pacem he made treaties of peace with the native kings. And on September 11, 1509, he anchored in the harbor of Malacca.

It was a strange thing to observe—perhaps to Magellan it was very surprising—that after more than a thousand miles of further progress toward the East, the evidences of civilization still increased. As for what he had expected to find in Malabar, he had the travelers' tales to guide him; strange tales, mixed with babbling legends and hardly to be believed, though the truth, when it came to light, was stranger; now, from Malacca, there came only statements that there was wealth in abundance and ship-loads of spices and a certain frail and misty glory—but no word at all of what the land itself was like. From the ships' decks in the roadstead at Malacca there were a thousand evidences that here was a civilization older than Portugal's. Magellan had thought to see something different from this.

Malacca was the center and heart of the trading East. There were boats from the islands of the archipelago, and ships from that other unknown side of India, and carriers from both coasts of the peninsula, and lumbering junks from China. In the city itself—in the fortified portion merely, for the

land was thickly settled for long distances up and down the coast—there was a population of two hundred thousand souls. There were solidly built houses and fortress walls and the towers of mosques. The Sultan Ahmed was a very powerful monarch, in whose harbor there gathered the traders of a whole separated world.

Sequira was an explorer of note; he was twelve thousand miles from home. It happened, to the detriment of his reputation, that he sailed in times when there were greater men. Having come to Malacca and finding it, in its quality of sophistication, so little different from Portugal, he emphasized in his mind the similarities and ignored the differences. Certainly he handled his fleet as if he had been anchored in the pool in the Tagus. He gave his men leave to go ashore to see the city, and the natives had free access to the ships. He assumed that he was among friends.

As the days passed it became evident to every one who did not share with the Commander his credulous nature that there was treachery in the air. His captains warned him. Yet he presented his compliments to the Sultan and expressed the wish that he might load his ships as soon as possible, so as to return with the favoring monsoon. The response—

that the ships could be charged at once if only the Commander would see to it that all the men and boats were ashore to carry on the work—would have seemed to be a more obvious warning still. Yet the orders were given and carried out, and while the men were occupied at the warehouses the Malays crowded the Portuguese ships, and the Commander himself, seated in his cabin, was playing chess with a Malay prince.

Francisco Serrano was in charge of one of the shore parties. He felt danger all about him. But he was obliged to distribute his men as the natives directed, for to refuse to do so would indicate his suspicion and might precipitate the uprising. What it was that was planned and just when the break would come, he did not know. He went about his business as best he could, keeping a few men near him, watching every doorway and hidden corner, watching each place where a few Malays were gathered together, watching the ships. He could see that the decks were crowded—the natives had taken full advantage of the Commander's permission to trade. But they were armed; they were always armed.

It was Captain Sousa who took the first action. He risked everything and ordered the visiting

Malays to leave his ship. And he sent Magellan, in one of the few boats that remained with the ships, to warn the Commander. Magellan told his story. There was treachery afoot; the natives were to fall upon the Portuguese at a given signal. He could not tell what the signal would be; he knew only that it had not yet been given.

The Commander heard and understood, but he betrayed no surprise. For a moment he seemed to study the men on the chess-board before him. Certainly he was playing a dangerous game, full of chances. To Magellan he said: "Go on deck and send a man to the mizzen top; tell him to take something with him and pretend to do some work; tell him to watch the beach and give warning at once if there is any danger to Serrano's men. You yourself will go to Captain Sousa, take what men he can spare, and proceed to Serrano's relief. Go at once. Watch that man aloft. There may still be time."

The sailor had just gained the mizzen top when it happened. He looked ashore and saw Serrano, with four or five men around him, running for his life along the beach, making for his boat. Magellan was half way to the shore—he could see it too; he shouted to the rowers, and they made the boat surge.

The sailor looked helplessly down—and through the open hatch he could see into the cabin.

The Commander, very watchful, but betraying nothing, was studying his play. Eight Malays stood about him. Some of them were behind him. One of these, while the sailor was watching him, partly drew his kris and looked inquiringly at his Prince. The Prince motioned to him to wait for the signal . . . just then the signal went.

A puff of white smoke ascended from the fort, and a dozen fights began. On shore at the warehouses, on the beach of the island, on all the ships, there was a sudden commotion and a clamor of arms. A closely packed fleet of praus came around the bend and made for the anchorage.

The Commander leaped aside, eluding the descending kris, gained the deck, and called to arms. He cleared his decks, slipped his cable, made what sail he could, and sent a broadside into the advancing praus. From every ship Malays were jumping overboard, pursued by whistling blades. Magellan reached the shore and cut in between Serrano and his pursuers; Serrano whirled about, and together they fought a rear-guard action to the boat.

It had been carefully planned and nicely timed, but it was too sudden and too much segregated.

Each little group of Malays fought alone, without the moral support of a main force, and each broke and fled at the roar of the Portuguese cannon. In an incredibly short time the battle was over, the Malays gathered to blame one another for their failure under the tremendous nervous strain of waiting, the men of the fleet were reassembled, and stagnant quiet settled again over the anchorage in the sleepy sunshine.

Sequira waited for a time in the hope of ransoming the prisoners, but got no opportunity, and sailed for Portugal. Sousa returned to Cochin. Almeida had retired, Albuquerque was in power. There were plans for a revenge on Malacca and for further conquests and discoveries. And Magellan, now in his thirtieth year, was ordered home.

Chapter IV

How Magellan was sorry to leave the East, and did not do so; of the capture of Goa; and how the great city of Malacca was taken by Alfonso de Albuquerque.

Magellan had been six years in the East. They had been the formative years of his life, and he emerged from them with a definite point of view, a certain posture that was recognizably himself, a feeling that something had been accomplished, and a deep conviction that life itself was a very appealing thing. But it was impossible to tell whether the years had formed him, or he had formed himself out of the materials that the years had afforded. Being told that he was to go home made him suddenly aware that he was now equipped by experience for some achievement in the world—and also that something of life had gone by, and was ended.

There had been much of seafaring in his six years. He had made that tremendous voyage around the Cape—something unprecedented in history before his time, utterly beyond the imagination of previous generations. The visits to the coast cities of Africa,

the crossing of the Indian Sea, the coasting off Malabar, the hazardous sailing among the Eastern Islands, were things new to him, and amazing. They had given him a feeling of a special bent, as if he were on a road alone.

There had been a great deal of fighting; he had felt the mastering urgency of a great cause, and under that impulse he had boldly risked life to gain honor; he had lived through fierce exultant moments when all was at stake and nothing mattered; he had seen life sink to a dim spark that was not worth preserving. He had arrived on the other side of all this, and found that he had new knowledge of significancies.

There had been a great deal of idle soldiering; endless days of sentry-go, watching the warehouses and guarding the ships and the forts, maintaining discipline and the "traditions of the service" in a rather fumbling faith that this was somehow helping in those tentative and experimental attempts at empire-building. Whatever it was, he had managed to be a part of it; Portugal in the East now meant "we."

There had been some exploring into still more unfamiliar seas; the praus skimmed the island lagoons and the immemorial junks came out of China,

setting forth a world that for a thousand years had no more dreamed of Portugal than Portugal had dreamed of it; this world was organized on a basis subtly different, so that he saw himself, even with the traditions of the Western world behind him; as no more than a part of a barbarian invasion, impelled to question values and to alter the limitations that had been set for existence.

He had made comrades of the men beside him, so that everything had become a personal episode, with the faces and voices of companions to give it meaning. He had formed a firm and lifelong friendship with Francisco Serrano. And now it was ended; he and Serrano were turning their backs on the East.

Of course life held greater possibilities; years such as these had made trivial all that had gone before and stole something from the future except when they promised to bring back themselves. That there should be no more years in the East was unendurable. There was something in the air that made living elsewhere without significance, some appealing, unsatisfied quality that made other possibilities seem compromises and substitutes. It was this that it was hard to give up. What could there be in life back there in Portugal that could compensate for the loss of this?

Except for Serrano, Magellan was alone in the world. His parents were dead; his brothers and sisters had taken paths widely differing from his. He had inherited the old estate at Sabrosa, but he had left it behind him, and there was no one there now who could see life as he saw it. The Court of King Manuel had brought him opportunity—for this. No matter what was to be gained elsewhere, it profited nothing if the East were lost.

As it happened, the loss of the East was deferred.

The home-bound squadron consisted of three ships. One of them was a smart sailor; she dropped the other two hull down at once and came to anchor finally in the Tagus without sighting them again—because they remained in India. They went ashore on Padua Bank in the Laccadives at night, hardly more than a hundred miles from Malabar. The weather was moderate at the time, and the sea smooth; before they were aware of their danger or could wear to avoid it, they slid up onto the slope of the bank and lay hard aground. Every expedient for floating them was tried, but all, even the jettisoning of the cargo, failed; they were old ships that had seen service; before morning their weight had opened their lower seams like the fingers of a

man's hand, and the tide rose and fell in their holds.

The distance back to the coast was not too great for small boats to attempt, and in conference this escape was decided upon. But there were not enough boats for all, and Magellan volunteered to remain in charge of the marooned men and the jettisoned cargoes until help could be brought from Cochin. Serrano remained also. The boats departed, grew small, and vanished. After a few days a caravel came from Cochin, but she was unable to do more than rescue the prisoners and salvage a portion of the cargo; the ships were lost. Thus Magellan was back in India again before he had well adjusted himself to leaving it.

Albuquerque was at Cannanore collecting a fleet and arranging alliances for another attack on Goa. His first attempt had failed, for, though he had taken the city, he had been obliged to evacuate it shortly afterwards. In that brief occupation, however, he had seen that the fortress of Goa—a place so strong that Portugal, through all the vicissitudes of conquest, has held it to this day—was essential to a firm hold on the East, and also that the taking of it would require all his resources. To Cannanore, accordingly, the rescued men went and arrived in time

to take part in a conference in respect to the strength that was necessary for the undertaking, and how the forces were to be augmented. Captain Magellan, now for the first time so designated, was asked for his opinion, and spoke in favor of making the attack without the aid of the merchant fleet which was then ready to sail for home from Cochin—an opinion determined by the exigencies of trade, since if the traders would not be able to go to Portugal that year they would miss the monsoon. This counsel prevailed; the merchant fleet was given orders to sail at once; the King of Garçopa, who had not as yet declared himself an ally, was requested to follow with his forces as soon as he was ready, and the fleet, consisting of twenty-six sail, got under way for Goa.

The fleet arrived at Goa early in November, 1510. The ships sailed into the harbor and anchored, and a week was spent in a discussion of the tactics which should be adopted. Each day of this week the Moors altered and enlarged their defenses by building stockades and palisaded redoubts, so that each day brought further debate on the altered program thus made necessary. At the end of the second week the Moors were unable to control their courage, and bringing some bombards to the nearest

of the palisades, they fired on the ships. Albuquerque made up his mind that the King of Garçopa was not coming—or, perhaps, was coming only in time to join in the celebration of victory—and gave orders for the attack.

The taking of Goa had about it something of the atmosphere of Western medieval chivalry. It was a clean clash of arms. There was a ring of the old Crusaders' spirit. The fortress itself was built after the pattern of European military architecture, with gates and towers and high battlements, defended with cannon in embrasures, having an air of proud austerity, rejoicing in a fight for the fight's sake, and caring not who died so long as he died bravely. Many valiant deeds were achieved by gallant gentlemen in single combat—when the gates were opened and the Moors rode out on horseback, trampling through the wavering attackers, Marvel de Larceda, though he was wounded in the face with an arrow, killed a charging Moor, took his horse, and rode back against the stream of victory that was setting against the Portuguese; the point of the arrow was lodged in his cheek, and his blood was dripping down upon his armor, but he rode back against the charge. He gave the horse to Albuquerque, and the Viceroy, pausing in that seething hubbub to

commend Larceda's bravery, rode into the front of the fight, shouting, "Santiago for Portugal!" and, followed by all his men, drove the defenders back through the opened gates into the streets of the fortress. Others took horses, right and left, and charged over the wavering line of panic-stricken Moors, who broke and fled. There were hot pursuits, a few isolated combats, and then a sudden ceasing of resistance, and victory. Santiago himself appeared in the battle, invisible to the Portuguese, but dismaying the Moors, who asked afterwards who was that mighty warrior, with the great light shining about him, who fought among the foremost and turned retreat into triumph. The sentries on the battlements looked down upon an utterly subjected city. Albuquerque gave orders for the enlargement and improvement of the defenses.

Then permission was given to sack the town; each man might keep what he found, and in addition there accrued to the Portuguese arms a great many horses and an enormous quantity of cannon and ammunition. This done, the Viceroy turned his attention to the inhabitants. The whole island was cleared. It took four days to hunt them all out and kill them; counting the women and children there were somewhat more than six thousand. Some, at-

tempting to escape by swimming, were killed by those on board the ships. Some, gaining the mainland, were met and driven back by the allies, who arrived only in time for this; these were captured, shut up in a mosque, and burned. In tearing down a shrine for the building stone which it contained, some men discovered a crucifix of copper imbedded in the thickness of the wall; how it came there is a mystery, and must always be so, but it was, at least, a certain sign that God intended Goa to be a Christian stronghold.

The seat of the Viceregal Government was then definitely transferred to Goa. A mint was established, treaties were concluded with the rulers of the surrounding districts, trade—especially in horses, which had been Goa's main article of commerce—was encouraged, and everything that Albuquerque's statesmanship could devise was done for the prosperity of the city.

During all this time the prisoners whom Sequira had left behind him in Malacca had been impatiently waiting for the promised revenge that was to set them free. They wrote to Albuquerque, reminding him of their continued existence, asking that something be done to ameliorate their condition, which was miserable, and pointing out that the glorious

capture of Goa was as nothing in comparison with the domination of Malacca. Albuquerque had not been unmindful of them. But he was reluctant to go so far from Goa; that prize had already once slipped from his hands, and his present security in it, after all, depended on nothing but the strength of the fortress, which he himself had good reason, indeed, to distrust. An expedition to Malacca would leave Goa to its own resources; a fleet sent to the Persian Gulf or the Red Sea, however, would be more closely in touch with events in the new capital, and could be recalled if any emergency should require it. The whole program of Portugal consisted in nothing but the holding of a few strong points on the seacoast; the actual conquest of India, as subsequent history has demonstrated, was quite beyond Albuquerque's abilities; the retention of Goa, won at such great cost and held so precariously, was, in consequence, vital. The Viceroy appointed Marvel de Larceda Governor of Goa—carefully instructing him in respect to the consequences of a possible calamity—and prepared a fleet for an expedition to Arabia. The prisoners at Malacca must wait as best they could.

But the King of Calicut made overtures of peace. The Viceroy was bound to consider them, and

though they came to nothing, they took a great deal of time. The Sultan of Malacca, who had heard of the suggestions for revenge which his prisoners had made, wrote in a conciliatory tone to assert that he was, in spite of appearances, disposed to friendship: Albuquerque took this for what it was worth, but the matter required attention, none the less. By the time the fleet was ready to sail the wind had shifted, the monsoon was lost, and it was too late to go to the westward. He surrendered to the inevitable, and got under way for Malacca.

Magellan, at least, was pleased at the change of plan. The taking of Goa had been an adventurous episode, to be sure, but it was, after all, no more than the consolidation of a previously prepared position. Besides, he had been in Malacca before. He had heard the call of the East. He had been in the Islands, but Malabar was only the same old coast.

The ships arrived on July 1, 1511, entered the harbor with all their flags flying, and fired a salute. The prisoners heard it, and told one another that they were saved. But to the Sultan of Malacca that echoing thunder told a different story. He sent a messenger on board at once, protesting innocence in respect to certain unpleasant occurrences in the past,

and asking if the fleet came for war or for peace. Albuquerque replied that he had come for his prisoners, and that for the rest, the issue of war or peace depended entirely on the conduct of the Sultan himself. The Sultan seemed to realize this, yet at the same time, he hardly liked to accept so great a responsibility.

The negotiations continued: Albuquerque very straightforwardly asked for friendship and a commercial treaty, and requested permission to build a fort in Malacca to protect his interests when and if they were gained; the Sultan was evasive and indecisive, at one moment accepting the Portuguese representations, at another listening sympathetically to the warnings of the Moors. The Portuguese were intruders, submerging everything with which they came in contact; the Portuguese were benefactors, bringing greater trade—the Sultan did not know what to think. He saw only that so long as he kept the prisoners he had something wherewith to bargain. He had, obviously, no sense at all of the inevitable.

The Chinese suffered from no such limitation of perception. There were several junks in Malacca harbor, and the traders saw that nothing but time could be gained by procrastination. And when Al-

buquerque, worn out of patience, after weeks of fruitless argument and verbal fencing, set fire to some Malay ships and water-side houses, as an evidence of inevitability, the Chinese requested permission to leave for home. Albuquerque asked them to remain a few days longer to see the fight that was impending and to take back to China news of Portuguese valor. The Chinese had no choice but to obey though they saw that witnessing the fight would add nothing to what their intuition had already told them. Hostilities duly commenced.

Albuquerque made an experimental attack on one of the forts to discover the system of defense. The defense proved adequate for the emergency. But the indirect results of the attack were of more importance. The Chinese said that they were eager to trade with Malacca after the Portuguese had taken it; they made mention of silk and silk-stuffs, brocades, porcelain, brass, copper, alum, ivory, gold dust and bar-silver from their own country, and spoke of excellent channels which they had opened among the peoples of the Islands; their country was not an ally with Portugal, nor with anybody else, but they themselves were friends and mutually interested traders, and they put themselves and their junks at Albuquerque's disposal. The Viceroy did

not know exactly with whom he was dealing—no Portuguese had as yet been in China—but he recognized frankness when he met with it, the more so since the Sultan of Malacca, who had now become his enemy, was obviously no more than a straw in the wind. He accepted only the junks' boats, however, in which to land his men.

A little river flows through Malacca, spanned near its mouth by a bridge. This bridge was the center of Albuquerque's attack. The resistance was very stubborn, and the forces of the Sultan were literally enormous when compared to the numbers of the Portuguese. But before an effective defense could be gathered and organized—the attack took place just after dawn—the Portuguese had won a short and sharp struggle, and were masters of the bridge, on which they fortified themselves with hastily erected palisades.

Rather tardily, and with somewhat more pageantry than was strictly necessary, the allies of the Sultan came into action. Down one of the streets which lead to the bridge came a band of seven hundred Javanese warriors with fluttering pennants and strange and deadly arms. The Portuguese attacked them boldly, and drove them back; another party, set out to reinforce the first, hit upon the ex-

pedient of rounding the square and falling upon the enemy from the rear. The men of Java broke and fled to the water-front, where those who remained were killed by the boatmen. In the end, none was left alive.

It was the Sultan himself who came to the rescue. Two thousand men, with elephants in the van, charged the bridge. The Sultan rode on the foremost elephant, in a splendid howdah, armed with a long lance, surrounded by skilled fighting men, invincible, entrenched in a living moving fortress. The Portuguese were not used to elephants. But with the simple directness of unsophistication they violated the conventional tactics, and attacked the elephant himself. It was as if they were sinking a ship. The elephant, wounded, threw his driver from his head, turned, in a wild jungle-panic, stampeded the others, and charged back through the ranks of the Sultan's men. The Portuguese waded in. The Sultan himself jumped and escaped, fleeing up-country to Pakoh. His palace and a great many other buildings were burned.

Thus far in the day the Portuguese had had nothing to eat. Moreover, the heat was terrible. It was Albuquerque's wish to properly fortify the bridge and hold it, but his captains thought that the

day had been full enough already, and the forces withdrew to the ships. They let slip their advantage and abandoned the victory, but there was no help for it. Malacca in July.

The Malays immediately fortified the bridge.

The action now became very desultory. The Chinese came to Albuquerque, saying that they had enjoyed the fight immensely and asked if they might go. Albuquerque gave permission, and they took back word to China that Malacca was now in new hands.

A junk was floated into the river, close to the bridge, and from her high stern the Portuguese dropped on the heads of the defenders. A new fortification was built of barrels of earth, and from this headquarters raids were made into the city. Every Malay, wherever found, was killed. The several allies of the Sultan came to ask for peace, which was accorded them, and in every treaty was embodied a commercial agreement. For ten days a ceaseless bombardment of the city wore down the courage and endurance of the Malays, and they gave up.

The city was sacked. The treasure, even allowing for what had been destroyed by fire, exceeded men's wildest imaginings. They sat for hours turning their plunder over in their hands, thinking long

thoughts, bound, as with a spell, in the strange exotic web of fancy thrown over their imaginations by the quaint armour and weapons, the printed cloths and ivory elephants, the hammered brass and teakwood boxes and little bronze images of unknown gods. More than three thousand cannon were taken, mostly of bronze, very finely made. One, especially handsome, and very large, was a present from the Zamorin of Calicut.

A new fortress was undertaken at once. Above its principal doorway Albuquerque erected a tablet of stone, on which were inscribed the names of all who had taken part in the action. But a mysterious sense of jealousy, or of unsatisfied emulation, made a quarrel; there were names included which should not have been included, and there were names omitted which should not have been omitted. Accordingly the Viceroy caused the stone to be turned with its face to the wall, and on the back, thus exposed, he inscribed the words:

LAPIDEM QUEM REPROBAVERUNT EDIFICANTS.

A verse from the One hundred and Eighteenth Psalm: "The stone which the builders refused."

Chapter V

Of the important events that followed the taking of Malacca; of how Magellan went to the Spice Islands; and what happened there.

Albuquerque had written as follows to King Manuel:

Sire, I captured Goa because your Highness ordered me to do so, and the Marshal had orders to take it, in his instructions; I took it also because it was the headquarters of a league which was set on foot to cast us out of India, and if the fleet which the Turks had prepared at Goa River (with a large force of men, artillery, and arms, especially assembled for this object) had pushed forward, and the fleet of the Rumes had come at this juncture, as they expected, without doubt I should have been utterly discomfited; yea, even if ever so great a fleet had come from Portugal they would not have allowed it to make good its arrival in the country. But when once Goa was taken, that victory alone did more for the advancement of your Highness' prestige than all the fleets which have come to India in the last fifteen years. And if your Highness, in deference to the opinions of those who have written this advice to you, thinks it possible to secure your dominions in

these parts by means of the fortresses of Cochin and Cannanore, it is impossible; for, if once Portugal should suffer a reverse at sea, your Indian possessions have not power to hold out a day longer than the Kings of the land choose to suffer it; for if one of our men takes anything by force from a native, immediately they all raise the drawbridge and shut the gates of the fortress; and this causes Your Highness not to be Lord of the Land, as of Goa, for in *this* territory the injury which is done to Moors or to Portuguese does not reach beyond the Captain of the Fortress. Justice is yours, and yours the arm, yours the sword, and in the hand of your Captain General reposes the punishment, and before him lies the remedy for the complaint of every one . . . If those of your council understand Indian affairs as I do, they would not fail to be aware that Your Highness cannot be Lord over so extensive a land as India by placing all your strength in your marine only . . . in ships as rotten as cork, only kept afloat by four pumps in each of them . . . And if they say that the reason why I desire to keep Goa is because I took it, Your Lordship may rest assured that if I were a Portuguese of such character as they are, I would be the first, if you ordered me to destroy it, to put a pickaxe into the walls, and to fire a barrel of gunpowder under the keep, if only for the pleasure of seeing the cards of the game of India shuffled for a new deal . . .

Very naturally, then, Albuquerque returned at once to Goa, and in a rather apprehensive mood. It was plain that Malacca was a great prize, and

he took what steps his time and resources afforded to secure it, but unless Goa were safe, Malacca amounted to nothing. With the Malay nations, with Java and Sumatra and Borneo, with all the island peoples, with Siam and China, he had made friends and arranged treaties, and then, that they might know with whom they had to deal, and what sort of bargain they had struck, he sent a small fleet to explore the Archipelago. Antonio Dabreu was in command with three ships. Simão Afonso was in charge of the second, Francisco Serrano of the third.

History is a personal matter to those who make it—so purely personal, indeed, that a man is usually in doubt as to whether or not he is making it. Magellan had a sense, of course, of being a part of a great patriotic cause; yet his patriotism seemed insignificant in comparison with the fact that he had come upon a world which offered new possibilities of life—new possibilities of life for him. His seven crowded and adventurous years, after all, were simply seven years of his own life; living was a matter of yesterday and to-day and to-morrow, no matter how varied or stirring the setting. Were it not for the career, the military obligation, and a part in the patriotic cause, life here among the islands would pass as a progress of nearly timeless days.

The monsoons blow forever in the palm trees; the surf rolls eternally on the beaches. It seemed that a man's life might be eternal, too. Herein lies an obvious tendency for a man who has been fighting for seven years.

A native canoe comes across the lagoon, flying before the wind. The dark sail of woven fiber bulges like a flat parasol and sends her ahead. The men on the rattan seats along the sides overhang the foaming water. The bamboo outriggers dip gently, now one and now the other, in swift spurts of white spray. She darts under the ship's high stern; the dark faces are turned up to stare; the steersman sits gripping his paddle. She passes the line of surf and rides like an arrow on the breakers; then men scramble out and drag her up to the edge of the woods; some one says something, and they all laugh. This is what life is like—here. The wind and the sea, bright sunshine and velvet night, sleep and food and laughter; there is no trouble in it—no trouble, that is, which is not inherent in life itself, and not to be avoided, whatever happens. The problem was, how to stay here? The problem was —the problem always is—how to gain *this*, without giving up too much of something else?

Then again; these natives. Magellan had been

surprised to find at Malacca so organized and definite an arrangement of life, so old and established a civilization. He had expected it in India; but this was farther East. Now, in the Archipelago, the three ships were still farther East. And the natives suddenly became startlingly familiar, as if he had seen them before; naked savages in their canoes, bought with a red cap or a ball of thread, childishly pleased with a bit of colored glass or a tinkling bell. They were not the men Columbus had seen—it had not been demonstrated that the world was much too large for that—but they were similar. The three ships of Portugal had come so far to the East—farther than any European ships had even come before—and there they began to find the characteristics which had already been found in the West. So it appeared.

It might not be true. But at any rate the suggestion which it offered was a valid one. The East and the West approached each other—if not closely, then remotely. That the world was round no sensible man any longer doubted, and any sailor knows that a ship will go West as well as East, if there is a hand on her helm.

Francisco Serrano's vision of it, though not more personal, was more limited. He saw that the Is-

lands, of all places so far known on earth, offered opportunities for unlimited wealth; he saw, too, that by remaining there a man could live like a king. He was willing that the life should choose him. The shifting chances of seafaring offered him an opportunity, and he took it. As the fleet was returning West, Serrano's ship was wrecked in the Schilpad Islands and became a total loss. The few survivors were picked up by a native boat which took them to Ternate, and to the King, who was quarreling, at the time, with his neighbor the King of Timor. Serrano offered himself as Grand Vizier, Commander in Chief, Aide de Camp, or what not. The prestige of Portugal, of course, was tremendous. Serrano's offer was accepted, and he stayed in Ternate for the rest of his life, the first white man ever to live "so far from home."

But Magellan saw it whole. There was no chart on board to help him answer his question; there was no chart anywhere to tell him what lay between the West and the East. Well, if it was sea, a man could sail it. If it was a continent, a man could go around it. He was the man. That decision reflects his genius and his greatness. He had felt the East as a kind of inspiration, and while under that domination, he had seen the thing which his times needed

to have done, and had selected himself as the man to do it. It was not that in this way he was to become great. He was great, in himself, by virtue of the way in which he said, "I'll go; of course."

This time, when he was ordered home, he was ready to go.

Chapter VI

Of Magellan's return to Lisbon; of King Manuel's gratitude; and what Magellan did about the great project which he had evolved.

It was good to come to Lisbon again, to sight St. Vincent and the high hills of Cintra, to come rolling in across the bars at Tagus mouth and stand up the river to the city. Belem tower looked just the same, with the spires of the monastery behind it; the sun shone on the Castle of St. George and on the walls of the old cathedral; the columns stood on the Terreiro de Paco; the shipwrights were busy in the docks; the people lined the quays. The old stucco houses rose on the shoulders of the terraced hills, just as memory had pictured them; the carts were rumbling through the shadowy streets, and the donkeys were braying. It was good to be back.

It was indubitably Lisbon, as always. But a difference in tone was immediately evident; more than ever Lisbon was the commercial capital of the world. There was a new air of magnificence in the streets, a certain pleasant swaggering consciousness

of an importance just under the surface of life. There were a great many new buildings of a monumental character. The churches had an air of opulence, and in the fine houses of the rich and great the hoarded treasures shone through the façades and reflected an atmosphere of luxury and splendor. It was not mere wealth; these riches had seen the light in foreign parts and had been brought half way around the world in the creaking holds of ships, and thereby achieved something of a romantic luster, a dignity and stateliness which nothing that has cost so much in human labor can wholly be without. In the wealth of the merchant princes Magellan had no part. But he had had a part in creating that empire of the East. Every vestige of affluence that met his eyes in Portugal was a reminder of Calicut or Goa, Malacca or Timor.

Henry VIII was King of England. A new cathedral of Saint Peter had been begun at Rome. Genoa had been united to France. The League of Cambrai had been formed against Venice. Leo X was Pope. Christopher Columbus had died at Valladolid.

Magellan set about his project. To get back to the East, by crossing the South Sea—this was what he wanted, and he undertook it in all the lightheart-

edness of a man with a dominating desire. But its feasibility as a national undertaking, the means by which it was to be effected, required study. So recently had he dropped the mood of the explorer, which offers hypotheses the test of pragmatism only, and which thinks it shorter and easier to go and see, that he found it hard to adopt the scholarly attitude which learns from the views of others. One who studies charts and books is in danger of never doing more; increasingly, the study becomes its own object, and the adventure which lies at the bottom of the undertaking is forgotten. This was not Magellan's way. However, he studied longitude. Longitude was the essence of his scheme, since all conception of the size of the earth depended upon this measure of it. As to what lay between East and West, over there on the other side of the Moluccas, he could only guess, but his guess would be helped if he could know how much space there was —how much space between the farthest East and the farthest West that men had reached. From Yucatan to Ternate, going East, men made a hazy estimate by watching as carefully as they could the speed of their ships. From Ternate to Yucatan, still going East, was a blank in the imagination. Of course, the apparent sun made the whole circuit in

twenty-four hours. But no one knew, or could discover, the speed of the apparent sun. Ternaté rolls under the sun at the tick of noon, and so does Yucatan, but no one could measure the time between the two. The scholars made their estimates and brought the East and the West together, or drew them apart, in accordance with their calculations.

Moreover, to demonstrate practicability, it was necessary to have something more than a firm, but unsupported, conviction. Some scholars must be found who were willing to admit the feasibility of the project, and their opinions must be quoted, and defended very ably, if the King's favor was to be gained.

Don Manuel did not seem disposed to grant his favor, however. Magellan's seven years of service in the East and his wounds received in action seemed to count for nothing with the King. He treated him coldly; "he always hated him."

Considering one phase of the matter, it would seem likely that whoever could show King Manuel or any other monarch a new road to the East would be sure of a hearing and adequate support. For the road to the East was the chief concern of every maritime nation in the world; Spain was exploring the Carribbean; England was seeking the Northwest

Passage; Portugal had found her road, indeed, but it was a road twelve thousand miles long. Yet there was another phase which could not be considered so hopeful—so hopeful of acceptance by Don Manuel, that is, though the King of Spain might be disposed to regard it differently: Magellan was sure, from his study and observations, that the Moluccas lay on Spain's side of the Pope's line of demarcation. Considering this point of view, it would surely be well to have Don Manuel's complete good will before the project was suggested. And Don Manuel had no good will for Magellan.

It happened that in August, 1513, a tremendous armada of four hundred ships and eighteen thousand men was sent against the Moors at Azamor in Morocco to punish them for the violation of a treaty. This expedition Magellan joined. So formidable a force naturally accomplished its end with the greatest ease; the Moors were immediately defeated, and in addition a relief expedition, sent out from Fez and Mequinez to help the rebels, was captured almost in its entirety. Because he had been wounded in the original battle and was therefore temporarily unfit for active service, Magellan was put in charge of the captured material. It was alleged against him that he was selling cattle back to the Moors.

Such a situation would be infuriating to a man of even the coldest temperament, which Magellan emphatically was not. He had no patience with his accusers or their accusation; he was tired of punitive expeditions and foreign conquests; his mind was occupied with more important things, and he had imperative business with his Sovereign. On his own responsibility, he returned forthwith to Portugal.

It had once been the custom for noblemen in the King's service to live as actual members of the royal household, but of recent years the numbers of these had so greatly increased that it was more practical to pay them a monthly living allowance. The amount of this was too small to be considered as pay; it was an honorary allotment, valued as such, and esteemed a measure of the King's favor. Magellan requested that his stipend be increased. The sum involved was insignificant; but as an indication of patronage, a vote of confidence, so to speak, it was naturally predisposed for rejectment. And Manuel did reject it. And just then there came a report from Africa that Magellan was absent from his regiment without leave, and stood accused of trading with the enemy. He was ordered back to Azamor for trial.

There was no trial. There was no indictment, and no accusers could be found. With documents which cleared him of all charges, Magellan returned again to Lisbon. The King was not interested.

But during the progress of these events something had happened in the New World. It was important, indeed, in itself. But to Magellan it was like a roll of thunder. Vasco Núñez de Balboa had crossed the Isthmus of Panama and had seen the ocean that lay on the other side.

It was a sea that lay between East and West.

"I shall be with you soon," Magellan wrote to Francisco Serrano at Ternate, "if not by way of Portugal, then by way of Spain, for to that issue my affairs seem to be tending."

To go around the world, across the South Sea, to the Spice Islands—this much was his own. As for its public aspect: if Portugal did not care to know of a new route, then Spain could settle the question of longitude, once for all time, and claim the Moluccas, with all new lands East of them. It depended, now, on one last interview with the King.

He asked once more if his *moradia* might be increased. It would not be increased. Might he hope for some command that would give him an oppor-

tunity to serve his Sovereign? He might not. Was he to understand that his country had no further use for him? That was the fact. Did His Majesty realize that he was then forced to offer his loyalty to some one who would be disposed to make use of it? He might do as he pleased. The audience was concluded.

Magellan turned again to his study of longitude, for on this rested his claim to Spain's attention, and he must be sure of his facts. In the course of his long investigations he met a timid and small-minded scholar named Ruy Faleiro, and so tormented was Magellan with his secret and so eager to make some definite step at once that he confided his plan to this somber and erratic little man who had never in his life done more than turn the pages of books in libraries. Faleiro was very well informed in matters of navigation and astronomy, and he pronounced the project feasible. But Magellan's enthusiasm and eagerness, his simple ability to be actuated by a great idea, were beyond Faleiro's grasp; to him, it was an exciting excursion into the worldly world with a promise of fame and riches. Magellan had found something which his whole being urged him to do; Faleiro simply saw that there was something in it. Accordingly, he became very

zealous, after his own manner, and prepared a learned exposition of the subject, suited to refute possible objections.

King Manuel had within his grasp, just then, the most adventurous project that this terrestrial world has ever seen—almost it might be said, the greatest possible project. But he was listening to the prompting of some secret grudge—so secret, indeed, that no one has ever discovered it. He might have listened to this plan, and made it his own. He might have gone on to execute it, and he would have gained, for Magellan, and all the world, was in error in the matter of longitude, and the Moluccas did lie on the Portuguese side of the line. But Don Manuel did not understand that old idea of devoting oneself, in some manner peculiarly one's own, to the service of mankind. The spirit of Prince Henry had departed.

Magellan had spent more than five years in perfecting his project, in organizing his first vague ideas into a definite program. Now the plan was ready, and he took action. In 1517, the thirty-seventh year of his age, he renounced his Portuguese citizenship and went to Spain.

Chapter VII

How Magellan transferred his allegiance to Spain; and how he was given command of an armada to go around the world; and of the difficulties which he had to prepare it, and other matters.

Seville, where Magellan arrived on October 20th, 1517, was a city very different from Lisbon. There was more of color in it, more of the glow of romance. It was a foreign city, yet not so foreign as those far-away cities of the East, so that the little differences imposed by other manners and customs upon a type of civilization already familiar could be the more readily seen and felt. Seville sat beside the Guadalquivir with a kind of joyousness that Lisbon did not have, and its great houses and palaces and courts and orange trees made a bright exotic picture which contrasted with the more natural air of Lisbon. Magellan had been frightened by Lisbon when he first saw it; but by the time he came to Seville he saw life steadily and surely, and was driving environment before him as if it were no more than an expression of his own personality. It

was as if he had made Seville what it was simply to serve him as a setting for his mood.

Seville was the first maritime city of Spain, and Spain, even in the view of a native of Portugal, was a mighty nation that sounded a romantic note in the world, and radiated a quality of conquest and daring and gold and glory and splendor and power. The great white-bellied galleons of Spain sailed the seas like ships in songs, going on forever in search of a vanishing goal, still seeking an El Dorado that had not been attained, and the uncertainty of this, its very inherent incompleteness, gave to her exploring fleets an air of bold excitement which the successful traders, who go and return again through only the ordinary chances of the sea, can never quite attain. In the ships and the sailors, the Arsenal and India House and the Tower of Gold that had been built to contain the treasure brought back from America, Magellan saw a trend of purpose which he had hitherto looked upon with hostile eyes, and so had not understood. Seville was now the very place for him.

Yet he was a Portuguese. He had left his own people behind him, and was alone in a strange land; he was dedicated to his project, but he had given up that feeling of moral support which just now was

essential to the achievement of his aims; he had risked everything, and had, with the same gesture, created a situation distinctly unfavorable. Portugal was now hostile; that far-reaching network of Don Manuel's men would do all that was possible to thwart his plans. He felt a vague sense of danger.

Ruy Faleiro was still at Lisbon. It was not likely that he had told any one of the enterprise—indeed, there was an agreement between them that neither should reveal their plans without the knowledge and consent of the other; Magellan had felt it necessary, considering Faleiro's lack of reticence, to make this stipulation. But if some one were to threaten Faleiro. . . . If the plan were to become known it would be so simple to make its execution impossible. It was so easy to kill a man. Questions might be asked, to be sure, but there would be no one to answer. . . . Spain offered no protection; Spain had never heard of Ferdinand Magellan. King Charles knew nothing, and cared nothing, about this danger to a certain man who was said to have a project. Certainly, there was need of caution and of haste.

In Seville, there was a considerable group of men, from every walk and condition of life, who were bound together by the fact that they had once been

Portuguese, and had now come to try for better fortune here in Spain. Of these the most conspicuous was Diego Barbosa, Alcayde of the arsenal. He had been fourteen years in Seville, and the fact that he had risen so high in public office indicated that here again, in his case, Portugal had shown faulty judgment in rejecting and antagonizing men whose loyalty she might have had. His son, Duarte, had voyaged extensively in the far East, and in the previous year he had completed his book of travels. Moreover, Señor Barbosa had been a close friend of Magellan's father, in the old days at Sabrosa. Magellan went to him, and was welcomed, and at his house he stayed as a guest as long as he remained at Seville.

These three talked often of navigation and astronomy, of the handling of ships at sea, and of exploring. Señor Barbosa had equipped many fleets; Duarte knew the East; Magellan had traveled as much and had seen vastly more fighting. And in that fierce quick way of his, so simple and direct, he told them something of his adventures and battles and fortunes at sea; twice around the Cape, twice to the Moluccas, four times across the Indian Ocean, and up and down the coast of Malabar in seven years of restless soldier's life, with

three wounds in action, courage that leaped up like a flame, memories of old ships and lost companions, and that constant moving mood of longing for the enchanted East. Señor Barbosa had a daughter, Beatriz, who often listened to this conversation.

The three men gained friendship and mutual trust, and out of this there grew a program of action. To go to the King, unknown and unassisted, would be folly; a man would get no farther than some officious Chamberlain, and then he would become a pest, like other too-persistent seekers of favors, and would spend his days in pursuit of a cheap and fading hope. There must be found some one whose name would open a door, whose reputation would gain respect, whose recommendation would be predisposed for acceptance. Señor Barbosa suggested Don Sancho Matienzo and Juan de Aranda, chiefs of India House. He knew them, and their support, if they gave it, would lead toward the throne.

Magellan's first step then was to present his plan to India House, the Casa de Contracion. This organization managed the affairs of foreign commerce and communication, and provided for the instruction of mariners the latest hydrographic information, charts, sailing directions, and maritime bulle-

tins. Magellan was one—there were, indeed, many such—who came to impart, and not to seek, information. India House, rather overburdened and occupied to the extent of its capacity with the matters and men now pending, somewhat impatiently dismissed his project. They had no time to listen to tales of the moon. But after this official and formal pronouncement was issued, Juan de Aranda wanted to hear more. He was the first authoritative listener whom Magellan had had, and to him he told his story with such earnestness and enthusiasm, such evidence of definite purpose, and so sure a faith in the outcome, that he was completely convinced, and promised every assistance which his resources and influence could command. He took the trouble to investigate the references which had been given him, and the answers which he got from Lisbon told him a great deal in favor of Magellan and nothing against Ruy Faleiro. He said then that he would arrange an interview with King Charles at Valladolid.

Here was the affair begun. It hardly seemed possible. It had been so very easy and simple; all the difficulties which apprehension had dreaded had been strangely escaped, and the courtesy and confidence of Señor Aranda surely indicated success in

the future. The project was on its way straight to the King. Magellan could hardly believe his good fortune.

But Don Manuel's men had heard the news.

Señorita Beatriz learned of this triumphal beginning, and added it in her mind to the other story of adventure. Very soon she heard the whole narrative of Magellan's life in the past, and found it wonderful; she learned of the project, inevitably growing out of, and continuing, the past, and she found it deeply moving. They had lost all these years; they were to lose the years that were to come. But they had the present. There was nothing in her life from which she was trying to escape, or anything that she could hope to gain; for him, there could be no thought of a home or of seclusion with her. Together, they saw life real. Simply, romance flamed up around them. It is very certain that they loved each other.

Nothing in Magellan's whole life is more indicative than this of his straight unswerving purpose towards the thing which chance and his own inclination had given him for accomplishment. Just here, he might have been turned aside. By an unconscious relaxing of his efforts, he might have lost the world, and been content in that he could turn

to her. But it was his life that she loved, the life which was himself, which he had created around him, and which was leading him away along the same sure and simple path of his destiny. She had no thought of changing destiny for her own needs; she accepted what life had placed in her hands. As for his view of it—she was simply Beatriz Barbosa.

They were married almost at once, and she was with him when he went to Valladolid.

Just before they set out, Ruy Faleiro arrived from Lisbon. His presence was not helpful. His attitude was not in keeping with the spirit of events. He was very angry when he was told that Señor Aranda now knew of the project, and asked why he had not been consulted. It did not matter that Magellan's action had resulted in their now being on their way to Court; Faleiro's own feelings had been hurt. He went to Valladolid by a different road, and joined the others only at Medina del Campo. It flashed through Magellan's mind that Faleiro had lately come from Portugal, and that if he were to return there in his present mood of indignation, he could easily undo all that had been done, or might be done.

He came to the inn at Medina del Campo where Magellan and Doña Beatriz were Señor Aranda's

guests. Señor Aranda was outlining the program in so far as it related to himself, and was asking if the partners would be disposed to grant him one fifth of their rewards in the adventure, providing it turned out that the King should pay the expenses, but he asked no share at all if they should pay for themselves. Faleiro would not hear of it. Magellan, in an attempt to reconcile the two points of view, suggested a share of one-tenth. "If you do not wish to give me anything," Señor Aranda said, "I do not want anything, but whether you give me anything or not, I will still advance your cause to the best of my ability, since by so doing I do a service to my Sovereign." Magellan took Faleiro aside and attempted to instil a little magnanimity into that narrow soul of his. But Faleiro could not see why, when they had a patron of such generosity, they should not take advantage of the fact. Finally, however, he consented to offer Señor Aranda one-eighth, and on this basis they proceeded.

At Valladolid they were Señor Aranda's guests again. But on the second day Faleiro insisted that they change to an inn of their own, scenting a danger in being under obligation.

The Court at Valladolid was in a confusion of hostility and distrust towards King Charles. Cardi-

nal Ximines, who had done so much to unify the nation and to assure the nobles' favorable acceptance of their new monarch, had died a few hours after King Charles arrived from the Netherlands. The King was surrounded by Flemings, who dominated him; they saw in Spain only an opportunity for the amassing of wealth, and they set about it with vigor and at once, so as to get as much as they could before the situation should change. A steady stream of gold was flowing out of Spain; more than ten thousand ducats went North each month. King Charles himself was no less eager, partly to keep his courtiers contented, so that he might have men about him whom he could trust, partly to assure there being something left for himself. The brilliance and opulence of Spain had dazzled him, and he was but slowly recovering his vision.

Queen Juana, the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, was recognized by Spain as its rightful ruler, though she was submerged in a deep and abiding melancholy that amounted to insanity. Her son, King Charles, in Spain's view of it, was little more than a stranger. "Doña Juana and Don Carlos, her son, by the Grace of God, Queen and King of Castile, Leon, Aragon, the two Sicilies and Jerusalem, of Granada, Toledo, Valencia, Galicia,

the Mallorcas, Seville, Sardinia, Cordoba, Murcia, Jaen, the Algarves, of Aljazira, Gibraltar, of the Canary Isles, of the Indies, Isles and Mainland of the Ocean-sea, Counts of Barcelona, Lords of Biscay and Molina, Dukes of Athens and Neopatria, Counts of Pousillon and Cedania, Marquises of Euristan and Goçiano, Archdukes of Austria, Dukes of Bergoña and Brabant, Counts of Flanders and Tirol, etc. . . ." His kingship of Spain was hardly more than an incident; he spoke Spanish with difficulty; he was only eighteen years old. He had dared to make Sauvage Lord High Chancellor and Archbishop of Toledo. Close beside him he kept Cardinal Adrian of Utrecht, who had been largely responsible for his education. One of his few direct contacts with Spain was through Juan Rodrigez de Fonseca, Bishop of Burgos; through him King Charles could gain some intimation of what it was that Spain was expecting of him; ventures overseas, exploration and discovery, were important phases of Spain, and the Bishop of Burgos was Head of the Department of Affairs in the Indies, and President of India House.

Señor Aranda lost no time in setting to work. He arranged an interview at which Magellan might present his plans; though the conference included per-

sonages so important as Guillaume de Croy, Seigneur de Chievres, Cardinal Adrian, Sauvage, the Lord High Chancellor, and the Bishop of Burgos, it was nevertheless a preliminary meeting, for King Charles would hear no proposal unless it was accompanied by the favorable opinion of these gentlemen. If they rejected the idea, all was lost—no others could be found whose favor could be hoped to offset a rejection by these important ministers, and coming again and again to this same tribunal, through a period, perhaps, of months, could mean nothing but a fading chance and a final failure through lack of interest; if they approved it, however, the case was won.

At that moment, Magellan stood on a narrow path; before him was a hidden future of ruin; behind him a burned bridge. He could not stop where he was; he could not turn back; he could not fight his way ahead, for there was nothing tangible for him to fight.

He had a sudden swift vision of three ships anchored in a quiet sunny roadstead, under a glaring Eastern sky; canoes skimmed the lagoons; the mountains trembled in the heat; the Unknown Ocean reached away eternally towards the East . . . it was, indeed, a consummation that lay waiting on

the other side of eternity. . . . And before him sat these ponderous and very reverend gentlemen, involved in the manipulation of the intricacies of the Court, waiting idly to hear what he was going to say.

Spoke first, Señor Juan de Aranda, of Seville and of India House. He had the honor to present his compliments to these gentlemen here gathered, and to introduce Captain Ferdinand Magellan, lately of Lisbon in Portugal, and newly come from service in India and the Isles of Spice. And Señor Ruy Faleiro, an expert in navigation and astronomy.

Magellan had the honor to lay before their Lordships a project of discovery quite without precedent, promising wealth for every one concerned, honor for His Majesty King Charles, and glory for Spain. It was a project peculiarly Spain's, as would appear; so sensible was Magellan of this that he had renounced his nationality, abandoned his loyalty to Manuel, his former King, and had come to put his sword and his service at the disposition of Spain.

Their Lordships were well aware of the failure of Admiral Christopher Columbus to discover the Indies across the Western Ocean. This was because a whole continent, nearly as large as Africa, lay between Hispaniola and the Indies, as well as the

vast and newly found South Sea. The wealth that had been brought back was also disappointing. This was because the peoples of these regions were savages; they lived, no more; their culture had produced nothing that could form a basis for trade, and their civilization, such as it was, was unworthy the attention of the greatest nation on earth. Spain's demarcation stretched halfway around the world. The greater portion of this domain Spain had left neglected; she had not even looked at it. It was in respect to this other, greater portion that he spoke. The real Indies, the Spice Islands, were a source of wealth beyond all experience, beyond imagination. They were untouched; the Eastern merchants, trading among themselves, had done no more than open the channels of commerce for those who should come after them. The accounts of Varthema the Italian left no doubt of this. The book of Duarte Barbosa was an additional confirmation. That these accounts understated the truth, rather than exaggerated it, was a fact at once obvious to any one who had seen the country. Magellan himself, now speaking, had seen it. Francisco Serrano had written—the letter was produced—that this was, in truth, "another world, larger and richer than that found by Vasco da Gama." The letter was dated

from Ternate; Serrano lived there—now. Two slaves, one from the great city of Malacca, one from the island of Sumatra, were brought forward and showed themselves. These were the people. A cultured and noble race, whose language and ancient traditions dominated the island world, whose temples had stood for a thousand years, who used gunpowder and bronze cannon and rode to war on the backs of elephants, whose arts and crafts were like nothing else on earth, whose harbors had been visited, through unremembered generations, by the ships of Cathay. This world was waiting, untouched.

After fifty years of constant effort, the fleets of Portugal had rounded the Cape of Good Hope and had reached the coasts of India—and found them more than ten thousand miles away. Portugal had gone East to the limit of her Demarcation. Why should not Spain go West? If there was a way around Africa, why not around America as well? It was only three thousand miles across the Atlantic to Hispaniola; further South, it was less. Juan de Solis, coasting down South America, had found that the land always trended to the westward. Vasco Núñez de Balboa had seen the ocean that lay on the other side. This planisphere, my Lords, copied

in Portugal from the terrestrial globe of the great Pedro Reynell, showed a strait that led through and joined the Western Ocean to the South Sea. No man had sailed that sea. But it could be crossed, as other seas had been. He, Ferdinand Magellan, proposed to cross it; he would go down the coast of America as de Solis had done, past thirty-four where de Solis had stopped, and he would find that strait, if God willed it, though he had to search as far as seventy-five.

Then Ruy Faleiro stepped forward to explain the bewildering question of longitude and demonstrate that the Moluccas lay on the Spanish side of the line of Demarcation.

Here the case rested. Their Lordships' decision would be eagerly awaited. While the matter was being considered, Magellan withdrew with Aranda and Faleiro to discuss the probable impression which their plan had made and its chances of success. The ministers, with one exception, knew nothing of the subject, and cared nothing, their attention being occupied by other matters. The exception was the Bishop of Burgos. But the Bishop was not favorably disposed to the projects of explorers. He had bitterly hated Columbus, and had been largely responsible for his degradation and the disgrace that

had ended in his death; he had obstinately opposed Las Casas in his attempt to improve the condition of the Indians; it was in spite of his utmost efforts that Balboa and Cortez had achieved the success of their enterprises. A sudden new interest in a project of discovery was hardly likely. As an advocate of their cause, the Bishop had but one real qualification; the King would listen to him. His advocacy would assure success; his disapproval, however, would make failure inevitable. The cards were on the table.

Meanwhile, the debate continued among the ministers. The majority were not interested, one way or another. Some were opposed: though Señor Aranda seemed convinced, yet no one really knew anything about this Portuguese; besides, this was no time to begin a new project of which the end could not be foreseen; Doña Juana might recover; King Charles might fall a victim to the intrigues of his brother Don Ferdinand; no man knew where he stood. King Manuel of Portugal was likely to marry Charles' sister; would it not be well to be a little cautious in the face of so delicate an international situation? But—surprisingly—the Bishop of Burgos took an opposite view: Valladolid had accepted King Charles with enthusiasm, and the other

cities of Spain would follow this example; it was within the bounds of possibility that Don Ferdinand would be sent where he could do no harm; the very fact that no one knew where he stood made it the more urgent for those present to show their loyalty so that the King might know who had his interests at heart. As for the international situation, there was nothing to fear, for in this proposed expedition there was no question of any trespass on the territory or interests of Portugal. Spain's position in matters of exploration and discovery had, indeed, suffered from certain stupidities in the past; these were now remedied by the lapse of time; it was those who were first in the field who reaped the rewards. Should they neglect, or advise their Sovereign to neglect, this opportunity, at the very time when wealth was most needed? For his part, the project had his unqualified approval.

Recalled to the presence of the ministers, Magellan was informed that it was the sense of the meeting that his project for sailing to the Spice Islands by way of a Western passage to the South Sea should be recommended to the favorable consideration of King Charles.

Magellan thanked them for their consideration, and promised himself the honor of submitting to

His Majesty a detailed schedule of suggestions for the actual conduct of the expedition.

If Magellan had had his own way in the matter, he would have been at sea within the week. But Señor Aranda had learned from long experience that a large share of the business of exploring was the securing of very definite and specific contracts with the patrons of the enterprise. And this was also the main interest of Faleiro. So Magellan set himself to the laborious preparation of a contract.

In the event that the King provided the necessary funds, the explorers asked that no other expedition should be sent by the same route for ten years; if this could not be granted, they asked that one-twentieth share in all expeditions be granted them, and one-twentieth of the annual profits, and they sought permission to invest in goods of trade to the value of a thousand ducats in all subsequent expeditions; if more than six islands were discovered, they asked that the sole rights of government and ownership of two be vested in themselves; and that they be given one-fifth of the net profits of their enterprise. In the event that they themselves should furnish the funds for the expedition—but Magellan pointed out that neither he nor Faleiro

had any resources. But Señor Aranda had provided for this. He had already secured a promise of financial aid, if the occasion should require it, from Diego Barbosa and Christopher Haro. The Haros, of Antwerp, were the richest merchants in Europe; Christopher Haro, a Spaniard, resident normally at Lisbon, had traded in the East as far as China, and had recently had the misfortune to have seven ships sunk by the King of Portugal. He had been willing, accordingly—seeing an opportunity for retaliation, and for a monopoly of the trade with the Moluccas—to make a contribution. In consequence, the alternative proposal was prepared for submission with the first. In the event that the explorers themselves should find the funds for the expenses, they asked that they be given the exclusive right of exploration and trade for ten years, and that they receive the rights of government and sole ownership in all lands which might be discovered. In this case, one-fifth of the profits of the whole enterprise were to go to the Crown.

This accomplished, there was committed to writing the former verbal agreement with Señor Aranda, by which he was to receive one-eighth of the explorers' share.

The proposals were forwarded to the Court, and

the three associates retired to await, each in his own way, the hoped-for result.

Doña Beatriz heard the news and was only partly happy.

Alvaro da Costa also heard the news. Alvaro da Costa was King Manuel's Ambassador to the Court of Spain.

At the earliest opportunity, the Bishop of Burgos obtained an audience with King Charles. In her overseas adventures, Spain had been unfortunate in the men whom she had chosen to command her fleets; the existence of a continent which, extended like a bar across her pathway to the East, had been discovered; but there was no one who had had the vision to see that Spain's logical exploration should be beyond this continent, rather than within it. That it was possible to go around it there could be little doubt. And now there had been found a man who was willing to make the attempt. He had had an interview with Captain Ferdinand Magellan, a Portuguese. . . . A Portuguese? Yes, your Majesty, but he had renounced his allegiance to Portugal; he was now resident in Spain, and had married a Spanish lady. This man had brought forward certain proposals for an expedition of discovery across the South Sea to the Isles of Spice, a

domain richer than any other in the world, lying within the limits of Spanish demarcation. Spain should have gone there long ago. The proposal had been discussed by a congress of his Majesty's ministers, who forwarded it to his Majesty with their unanimous approval. The Bishop was of the opinion that his Majesty should undertake this venture, for the continuance of his reputation among the cities of Spain, and should himself finance it, for the greater wealth which would thus accrue.

King Charles wished to be assured that there was no danger of any conflict with the interests of the King of Portugal. The Bishop was able to offer this assurance. It was perfectly clear to the King that some such enterprise as this was exactly what was needed to further his own interests with the nation. Morever, no one who viewed Spain from the standpoint of a foreigner could think for a moment that Spanish exploration need not be favored and advanced. Though King Charles expressed himself with difficulty, his perception was very clear and quick. A *capitulation* was prepared, duly signed, and delivered.

A certified abstract of this capitulation, subsequently drawn at India House in Seville, reads as follows:

CERTIFICATE Given in Seville that the Commander Ferdinand Magellan, and the Bachelor Ruy Faleiro, Portuguese, presented themselves at the Audienca on the fourth of May, 1518, before Don Sancho de Matienzo the Contador, Juan Lopez de Ricalde, and the Factor Juan de Aranda, Judges and Piscals of their Highnesses, of the India House, residing in this city, in the presence of Juan Guiterrez Calderon, Clerk of their Highnesses, and his Notary Public on behalf of Diogo de Porras, Chief Clerk of Civil and Criminal Causes of the said India House; and they presented to the judges two *capitulations* written on paper and signed by His Highness and one sealed on the back with a seal of colored wax, and other necessary signatures, and two Royal Orders of His Highness, signed with his royal name, all written by the Secretary Fernan de los Cobos, the tenor of which, one after another, is as follows:

THE KING:

Since you, Ferdinand Magellan, a knight, native of the Kingdom of Portugal, and the bachelor Ruy Faleiro, also a native of that Kingdom, wish to render us a great service in the limits which belong to us in the Ocean within the bounds of our demarcation, we order the following capitulation to be established with you for that purpose:

Firstly: That you are to go with good luck to discover the part of the Ocean within our limits and demarcation, and because it would not be in reason, that while you go to do the above mentioned, other persons should cross you to do the same, and taking into consideration that you undertake the labor of this enterprise, it is my favor and

will, and I promise that for the first ten following years we will not give leave to any person to go and discover by the same road and course by which you shall go; and if any one desire to undertake it and should ask our leave of it, before giving it, we will let you know of it in order that if you should be ready to make it, in that time which they offer, you should do so, providing an equal sufficiency and equipment, and as many ships, as the other persons who may wish to make the said discovery; but, be it understood, that if we please to send to discover, or to give leave for it to such other persons as we please by way of the Southwest parts of the islands and mainland, and all other parts which are discovered toward the part where they are to seek the strait of those seas, we may order it to be done, or give leave to other persons to do it, both of the mainland of the South Sea, which is discovered, or from the Island of San Miguel, if they wish to go and discover they may do so. Also, if the Governor and people who are now, by our orders, or may in future be in the said mainland, or other of our subjects may wish to discover in the South Sea, they may do so, notwithstanding the above, or any section or clause of this capitulation. Also, you may discover in any of those parts what has not yet been discovered, so that you do not discover nor do anything in the demarcation and limits of the most serene King of Portugal, my very dear and well-beloved uncle and brother, nor to his prejudice, but only within the limits of our demarcation.

In consideration of their good-will and services the next paragraph grants the right to levy upon any isles or coun-

tries settled by them, after the expenses have been paid, a twentieth part, with the title of our Adelantados and Governors of the said countries and isles, "you, and your sons and rightful heirs forever, so that they remain for us and the Kings that may come after us, and your sons and heirs being natives of our realms and married in them; and of this we will send you our formal letter of privileges."

The next paragraph grants the right to invest in goods each year the value of a thousand ducats, cost price to sell in the islands and countries, and bring back the returns paying only a twentieth in duty to the King, without other payment. This only after the return from the voyage, not during it.

Also to grant them the greater favor, if more than six islands are discovered they might mark out two from which they might take the fifteenth part of all the net profits and duties of the King after the expenses have been deducted.

Also, of all the net profit that there may be for the King on the return of the fleet after this first voyage, deducting the expense, they may take a fifty part.

In order that you may better carry this out, I will order the equipment of five ships, two of one hundred and thirty tons each, and two others of ninety, and another of sixty tons, provided with men, victuals and artillery; that is to say, that the said ships shall be supplied for two years, and there shall go in them two hundred and thirty-four persons for their management; amongst masters, mariners, ship boys, and all other people that are of necessity, ac-

cording to the memorial, and this we will order to be carried out by our officers in Seville.

Also, if either of them died, this agreement was to be kept with and by the other, as it would have been kept with both if they were alive.

The next paragraph says that a factor, a treasurer, an accountant, and clerks of the said ships, shall keep the accounts of all the expenses of the fleet.

All of which I promise and plight my faith and Royal Word that I will order it to be observed to you, in all and for all, according as is contained above, and upon it I have ordered this present to be given, signed with my name.

Dated in Valladolid, the twenty-second day of March, of the one thousand five hundred and eighteenth year.

YO EL REY,
By order of the King,
Francisco de los Cobos.

Don Manuel's men saw that the situation was very serious. The enterprise was actually started. It was all very well to say that there was to be no trespass on the domain and demarcation of Portugal, and this was, perhaps, literally true, but the aim of the expedition, nevertheless, was the Spice Islands, to which Portugal had hitherto held the nine points of the law. This Spanish fleet was to come up in the rear, close to the limit of Portuguese domination, nosing about on the line that had so

long been so pleasantly vague. The fleet must not sail. Some way must be found.

Fortunately for Alvora da Costa, there was an excellent argument ready to hand in the fact that Magellan was a Portuguese, and the circumstance that it was da Costa who was charged with the arrangements for the marriage of King Manuel and the Spanish Princess Leanor gave him another reason for interference.

He told Magellan that his disloyalty and perverse persistence could have no other result than to wreck the plans for the marriage and provoke a fatal quarrel between the two monarchs and the two nations. To this Magellan replied that he was bound in honor to King Charles, who had ordered him to proceed with his plans, and that he could not do otherwise than obey his instructions. Da Costa then made repeated attempts to persuade Cardinal Adrian, who had, from the beginning, been no more than half favorable to the enterprise, but in every instance the Bishop of Burgos met and overcame the Cardinal's half-hearted protests.

King Charles took his Court to Saragossa, with the object of persuading Don Ferdinand, his brother, to leave the country—which he did. Magellan followed, trying to find some way to

avoid the wearing uncertainty of this present procedure, and the constant uneasy dread of obstruction. He saw the King but seldom, but his meetings with the Bishop of Burgos were frequent. He could depend on the Bishop's attitude, he knew; but how could he be assured that the King would not be influenced by da Costa's unending propaganda? The Bishop said that the King emphatically would not alter his determination, and that there was nothing to be feared if only Magellan himself held firmly to his purpose; it had been proposed—for the Bishop himself was not without his secret sources of information—that he should be bribed to give up his plan—though this proposal had since been rejected, as likely to establish an expensive precedent—and assassins had been hired, with the connivance of Vasconcellos, Bishop of Lamego, to take the most direct way out of the difficulty. The Bishop thought it well that Magellan should know with whom he had to deal. When he left the Bishop's house, the Bishop's servants, armed, and bearing torches, accompanied him to his door.

Immediately after this interview, the Bishop went to the King. The consequences were these: the rank of Commander of the Order of Santiago was conferred upon Magellan, and the King ordered him

to go at once to Seville, and demand, in the King's name, whatever he considered necessary. It was the King's will and purpose that the fleet should sail. There need be no further apprehension of a change of policy.

Accordingly, Magellan returned to Seville. It was high blazing summer; the weather and the recent evidences of the King's favor and constancy helped him to a new mood. He was on his way to fit his fleet for sea; he had actually come to the point of deciding what he should take with him. He could not tell Doña Beatriz that there was no danger —in fact, the enterprise was as filled with danger as anything that a man ever undertook in this world—but at any rate, he was to go; though he could not see his way through all the difficulties to the end—yet there would be an end. Somehow, sometime, a day would come when he would get away to sea. Through all his former seafaring, it seemed that he had never been near the sea until now. His five ships, with stores for two years, to go around the world.

As soon as Magellan left Saragossa, Alvora da Costa went to the King. It was an ugly matter to receive another King's subjects. In the face of such delicate circumstances—for the Princess Leanor, if

the truth were told, had not the slightest wish to marry old King Manuel—this was no time to give offense, the more so for the sake of so foolish and dubious a project. This Magellan was a discontented man, seeking revenge for some fancied injury. It was directly contrary to King Manuel's desire that Magellan should be so received and aided. Would not His Majesty send him back to Portugal, or, at least, postpone the expedition until the following year? King Charles said that there were plenty of Spaniards in the service of the King of Portugal, if it came to that. As for the expedition itself, perhaps Señor da Costa would be so good as to discuss the matter with Cardinal Adrian.

To Cardinal Adrian Señor da Costa went, accordingly, and so far convinced him that the King's enthusiasm was fading that he was prevailed upon to make another attempt at dissuasion. Cardinal Adrian sought an audience, and found, among those present, the Bishop of Burgos.

Meanwhile, in Seville, Magellan had come upon another obstruction, in the attitude of India House. Things were moving with an irritating slowness. Nothing seemed to get itself done. People were intentionally stupid, important authorizations were constantly being mislaid, the persons who were re-

sponsible could never be found; time went rushing by, and accomplishment came stumbling after with feet of lead. The whole project was foolish and impractical. Moreover, it might lead to very grave complications with Portugal.

The King of Portugal had a Factor at Seville: Sebastian Alvarez.

Just at this time there arrived a very peremptory and definite letter from King Charles, addressed to the officials of India House. It was the King's wish —and he had already stated it—that this fleet should sail, and sail with the least possible delay. A certain sum of money, lately come from Hispaniola, was to be used to defray expenses. Every order issued by his Captain General, Ferdinand Magellan, was to be executed as promptly, and with as great care, as if it came from the King himself.

The effect of this communication was immediate. Magellan came to India House, and found everyone eager to be of service to him, and disposed for prompt and effective action. It was action that Magellan wanted and had long wanted. He had no liking for quarrels or conspiratorial antics; the involved contrivances of intriguing courtiers made him simply impatient, and helpless, for he resented the necessity of adjusting hostilities, and did not

know how to manage a difficulty which could not be squarely faced.

Señor Aranda was sent to Cadiz to purchase ships. He brought back the five vessels which had been authorized by the King's capitulation. Magellan stood on the quay and watched them come up the river, in charge of the pilots from San Lucar, and anchor off the city. These were his ships. They meant more to him than anything else in life. There they were.

He went aboard at once. The largest of the fleet was the *San Antonio*, of one hundred and twenty tons; she would be rather unhandy, and a dull sailer. The *Trinidad*, of one hundred and ten tons, was the most capable vessel of the five; she was sound, and in as good condition as could be expected; she was smart and well found; he chose her at once for his flagship. He went into her cabin. The pilots had been having something to eat; a riff-raff of miscellaneous duffle was scattered about; there was a temporary, unadjusted look about the place—no matter. From on deck came the gentle sound of moving ropes. The stern windows were open, and the clatter of the port came drifting in; the rumble of carts, the sharp confused rap of caulkers' mallets, the noise of lapping water. The flagship.

The fleet would follow her lantern. For two years . . . around the world. . . . Well. The *Concepcion* was of ninety tons, the *Victoria* of eighty-five, the *Santiago* of seventy-five. There they were.

Sebastian Alvarez, Don Manuel's Factor, being a Portuguese, and so, of course, a friend of the Captain General's, asked if he might come aboard to see the ships. He was allowed to do so. He thought them utterly unseaworthy and ready to fall apart, and their ribs, he said, were punk. But he did not say this to Magellan. Such an opinion would be more effectual if announced elsewhere; and before long, indeed, it was heard quoted with great frequency and assurance in water-side taverns, and other places where sailors and shipwrights were wont to congregate.

Magellan prepared lists of necessities—elaborate lists, which were being constantly amended, and always enlarged, for it was impossible to think of everything, and Diego Barbosa and Anton Someño were sent to Bilbao to purchase supplies and equipment. Most ship supplies were cheaper in Bilbao, even with the cost of transportation.

A trench was dug in the beach at a convenient point, and the ships, one after another, were warped in and careened for scrubbing and recaulking. Here

and there a new plank was put in, or a knee ripped out and replaced. The spars were scraped and greased, and new chafing gear, of fresh tanned leather, was put on wherever there was wear and friction. The splices were opened, inspected, and re-served, and shrouds and backstays were newly tarred from truck to rail. The sails were unbent and sent ashore to be patched or remade. The days rushed by, and nothing seemed to be finished; the ships were a mess of chips and bits of rope and tar-pots and scattered tools; the fleet was not so nearly ready as it had been when it came from Cadiz. The complexity, the amount of detail, of this business was simply terrifying. And the Captain General tried to see to everything.

While the *Trinidad* was hove down for cleaning, Magellan had caused to be set up on her capstans his commander's flags—his own flags, bearing his own coat of arms. The crowd of loafers on the quay, gathered to watch, being told what they were to look for, saw a resemblance between Magellan's arms and those of the King of Portugal. This impression, coupled with the obvious fact that no royal standards were flying from the mastheads at the time, grew into a state opinion of dissatisfaction. The display of Portuguese arms on a Spanish ship

in a Spanish port—it was just what might be expected. The crowd rushed aboard and tore down the flags. Some one took word to the Captain of the Port, who arrived, very officially, and demanded an explanation. Sebastian Alvarez strolled up, casually, to see what the disturbance was about. Men came running.

Magellan told the Captain of the Port that he would offer no explanation where none was due; that the Captain of the Port had no rights aboard that ship; that he would fly whatever flags he chose. The crowd yelled. The Captain of the Port ordered his men to arrest Magellan. Just at this juncture arrived Don Sancho de Matienzo, Contador of India House. He heard what was going on and took Magellan's part; the crowd turned on him and threatened to kill him. Sebastian Alvarez moved up to the front.

Various shipwrights and workmen threw down their tools and went ashore. Magellan said to the Captain of the Port that if he did not leave the ship at once, he himself would go ashore also; the *Trinidad*, left alone with no one to look after her, would fill with the tide and sink where she lay, and the Captain of the Port would doubtless think up some answer to give to the King when his Majesty asked

how it had come about. The Captain of the Port saw that he should not have started—either that, or he should have been also told how he was ultimately to get out of it. He gave in. The King subsequently punished him. The crowd drifted away, and Sebastian Alvarez vanished.

As time went on it became evident that Magellan could depend on the King's favor and coöperation and growing interest. And as his conviction grew that he need not stand alone, he became in consequence more willing to do so. He was already overburdened and involved in detail which should have been delegated to some one else, but there was no one whom he could trust, either for loyalty or for efficiency; he took everything upon himself, and added the task of defending his rights and exercising that personal domination and courage and willpower without which his enterprise could not be successful. He was to command absolutely, later, at sea—it might as well begin now.

Faleiro was not very helpful. He also was a Captain-General of the fleet, but he knew nothing about ships, or work on ships, and he had had no experience in managing men. He knew navigation, however, and all this part of the preparations was intrusted to him. He was very busy with compasses

and charts and astrolabes and sailing directions and his Rules for Observations—busy, indeed, almost to the extent of panic. He fairly flew about, starting a dozen things at once, and having time to finish none of them; in the intervals he met Don Manuel's propaganda, and wrung his hands in anguish; he was induced to quarrel with Magellan, and was put in his place with instant finality; he returned home and found a half finished quadrant that he had been making; he worked on it for half an hour, and rushed off to see Nuño Garcia, who was making the charts. There were rumors of other expeditions which were to be sent out afterwards; he wanted to wait, and go in command of one of them. He could never be ready for this. And he was surely slipping back into second place.

Five months elapsed while the ships themselves were being prepared and arrangements were being made for those details which had now, by the constantly altering perspective, become actual preparations. There was less rubbish under foot about decks, and the hulls and rigging were in order. Ballast had been put aboard from lighters, and the ships rode in trim, at least, with an air of readiness —an illusion, rather. Each morning when he came to the fleet the Captain-General fancied he could see

an end of the whole process, simply because he had thought ahead to the end and had arrived, in his mind, at completion; each night, when he left, it seemed that nothing had been done.

The Court had moved to Barcelona in January, 1519, and da Costa's propaganda had been continued with such vigor and success that even the Bishop of Burgos himself was made uneasy by it and urged his Majesty to make haste. But, indeed, the King's impatience was growing with his interest. He saw the importance of the undertaking—the more so, perhaps, since Portugal was so obstinately opposed to it—and it was true that he was planning other expeditions to follow. He no longer found himself entirely in accord with the Bishop's opinion that exploration and conquest should be confined to the territory that lay on the other side of the American continent; Francisco Fernández de Córdoba had talked with men in gold armor in Yucatan, and the towers of temples, with a very Oriental air about them, had at last been sighted in the swamps and jungles that had hitherto yielded nothing but savages and fever. But King Charles saw no reason for neglecting either opportunity. Now, if ever, was the time for big projects.

India House, however, had no more money. It

had cost 1,340,992 *maravedis* to buy the five ships and deliver them at Seville; Magellan and Faleiro were both on salary, and there was an enormous amount of imperative and pressing work that must be done and paid for—or paid for and done—besides the large sums that had been advanced to Señor Barbosa for his purchases in Bilbao. It was then that Christopher Haro advanced four thousand ducats—a fifth part, as it turned out, of the total expense of the expedition.

On the tenth of March the King granted to the merchants who had advanced money the right to invest in the three following expeditions.

On the thirtieth, he appointed Luiz de Mendoza treasurer of the armada, at a salary of 60,000 *maravedis* a year, and Juan de Cartegena fleet-captain, at a salary of 110,000 *maravedis*. Captain Mendoza was sent with a chartered caravel to the Canaries, to purchase certain supplies and have them in readiness for the fleet at Tenerife; he was thus beyond the reach of corruption and did not see Sebastian Alvarez until his return. But Captain Cartegena remained in Seville.

On the sixth of April Gaspar de Quesada was commissioned captain of one of the ships, and Antonio de Coca was appointed accountant.

Supplies began to come from Bilbao. The Captain-General was always on deck, trying to think of items that should be added to the inventory, trying to dispose the cargo suitably among the five ships, trying to foresee the exact conditions under which everything would be needed and to stow each article so that it would be on top. The sparto cordage had not been delivered; instead, here were forty-five empty barrels; and where should they be put? Señor Nuño Garcia's compliments, and might he have an order for another dozen parchments? The muleteer from Tarifa wanted his money. Here was the large caldron, Señor Captain-General; it was the best that could be found; but the man who had not brought the chain—send him back after it. Would it not be well to change the lead of the *Concepcion's* spritsail braces so that the yard would set properly when on the wind? Only ninety-six pieces of canvas had been delivered; was the rest to come later, or had the order been changed? Captain Quesada thought that his starboard anchor was too light. Were both the grindstones to go in the *San Antonio?* . . . And home at night to tell Doña Beatriz that things were going very well, only slowly, and to watch his son, Rodrigo, sleeping in his cradle.

On the eighteenth of April the King sent orders that the fleet should sail before the end of May, at all costs, ready or not.

On the nineteenth he wrote that the fleet was to proceed direct, and with all possible speed, to the Spice Islands, deferring any incidental exploring until this had been accomplished. "Moreover, I command you all and each one of you that in the navigation of the said voyage you follow the opinions and determination of the said Ferdinand Magellan."

On the fifth of May he ordered that the number of the crew should not exceed two hundred and thirty-five, and that this should be still further reduced if possible. Magellan was to choose his men.

The talleymen were constantly on the quay now, checking their lists as supplies arrived. 58 culverins, 7 falconets, 3 large bombards, 3 passamuros, and 50 arquebuses; 6,197 pounds of lead for bullets, leaden and stone cannon balls, and 5,000 pounds of powder; 60 crossbows and 360 dozen arrows, 95 dozen darts, 10 dozen javelins, 1,000 lances, 200 pikes and 6 boarding pikes; 100 corslets, with armlets, shoulder plates and helmets, 100 breastplates with throat pieces, 200 shields; for the Captain-General, a coat of mail, two suits of armor, and six

sword blades. An unofficial talleyman, not recognizable as such, was present, and when the armament was complete he took his list to Sebastian Alvarez, who transmitted it by courier to Don Manuel.

Twenty-one thousand three hundred and eighty-three pounds of ship's biscuit, 417 pipes and 253 butts of wine, 5 pipes of flour; 5,000 pounds of beans, 900 pounds of chick-peas, 200 pounds of lentils, 238 dozen large dried fish, 200 barrels of anchovies, 5,712 pounds of dried pork, 322 pounds of rice, 450 strings of garlic and onions, 588 pounds of sugar, 1,512 pounds of honey, 16 quarter-casks of figs, 3,200 pounds of raisins, currants and almonds, 5,600 pounds of vinegar, 984 cheeses, 100 pounds of mustard. All this was delivered, divided among the ships, and stowed aboard.

One hundred mess-bowls, 200 porringers, 100 choppers, 66 wooden platters, 12 mortars, 94 trenchers, 42 pint measures, 6 cauldrons, 6 pots, 2 ovens, and a large kettle for melting pitch, a forge, with bellows, an anvil and fittings, 12 pairs of bellows for the galley fires, 35 padlocks for the stewards, 15 blankbooks for the accountants, 12 funnels, 28 pounds of stamped iron weights, 40 yards of canvas for table-cloths, 20 tamborines and 5 drums,

"to serve for their pastime." All these things went aboard.

One thousand four hundred pounds of candles, and 9½ pounds of ornamental wax candles for the consecration of the ship; 89 lanterns, and 2 great ship's lanterns, with a supply of wicks; a medicine chest, with a brass pestle and mortar for use in the dispensary; handcuffs, manacles and chains; pincers, hammers, boathooks, picks and shovels, bar iron, oakum, pitch, tar and rosin, 15 tons of cordage, oars, 32 yards of ballast sacking, spare blocks, pump-leather, buckets, saws, bits and braces, pitch-brushes, 80 painted flags, and a Royal standard of taffeta, nails, bolts, sail-thread and needles, spare spars, an extra boat for the *Trinidad*—and very useful it was, too—mats and baskets, casks and barrels, 2 seines, 6 chain hooks, harpoons and fish-spears, lines, floats, and 10,500 hooks, 40 cartloads of wood, 2 complete furnitures for Mass.

Then there was the cargo, as distinguished from supplies and equipment for the ships themselves—the articles of trade: 2,000 pounds of quicksilver, 3,000 pounds of vermilion, 10,000 pounds of alum, 30 pieces of colored cloth, 20 pounds of saffron, 3 pieces of very fine fabric, 8 pieces of Valencia stuff, 2 pieces of colored velvet, 50 pieces of colored buck-

ram, 1,000 pounds of ivory, 20,000 pounds of lump copper, 10,000 pounds of lead, 200 common red caps, 200 colored handkerchiefs, 4,000 brass and copper bracelets, 224 basins, 10,000 fishhooks, 400 dozen knives "of the cheapest kind, made in Germany," 50 dozen pair of scissors, 1,000 mirrors, 500 pounds of crystals, 1,000 *maravedis* worth of combs, 20,000 small bells.

In a sense, these articles came all at once, yet they did not come in order, or with any arrangement of type or use or bulk or importance. They came in carts and boats and pack-baskets and by hand; they were ordered and not delivered; they were delivered without order; they were delivered in instalments, or too soon, so that they must wait in a warehouse to be stowed, or too late, so that other imperative things had gone ahead of them; some things were forgotten, and ordered after their turn, and some remembered before the time came to order them; some items could be bought at any time, and yet must none the less be included, and some took months to prepare or search for. And everything, from first to last, represented a final and definite decision, for there were along the route no ports of call that would be of the slightest use, and there could be no possible remedy for neglect or

carelessness. The detailed requirements were inseparably woven in with the tremendous effort of imagination which foresaw the conditions that were to be met, but which brought with it, at the same time, the distracting vision of the vital adventure itself.

On the eighth of May there arrived from King Charles a set of exhaustive final instructions which amounted almost to a treatise on exploration. The document comprised seventy-five chapters and provided for every contingency of accident or circumstance at sea or ashore: storms, harbors, seamanship, and courses; fights, camps, settlements, and trade; orders, rations, and the handling of men. A "general order" became specific.

The hostile propaganda had by this time withdrawn to secret and silent channels. Sebastian Alvarez gave up, for the most part, his attempts at direct dissuasion, and sought by actual obstruction the end which he had hitherto failed to gain by argument and protest. He had long before learned, and had transmitted to Don Manuel, the fleet's sailing directions, and the courses and landfalls which Magellan expected to make. As time went on, and Don Manuel learned more of the project, its entire feasibility became plain to him, as well as its threat

to his own supremacy in the East. He ordered a fleet to Santa Maria, at the Mouth of the River Platte—thought to be the "land's end" of South America; he sent orders to Juan Lopez de Sequira—an ironical choice—to proceed from Malacca to protest the Moluccas with the Spanish armada; and when he heard that Magellan was planning to go by way of the Cape if he found no strait where he thought to find it, he sent an intercepting fleet to South Africa. Alvarez, meanwhile, without leaving Seville, organized his own plot, to operate by less frank and more congenial methods.

Magellan had been going his own way, taking his chances of disaster, hoping only—worn as he was by his endless planning and preparations—to get to sea, where the dangers would be his own to meet and overcome. Luiz de Mendoza, on his return from the Canaries, had been obstinate and insolent and had been ignominiously reprimanded by the Captain-General and by the King. Ruy Faleiro had disputed Magellan's opinion as to the best course across the South Atlantic, and the result had been a bitter argument. Two other under-officers had been discharged for insubordination. Alvarez had provoked these quarrels where it had been pos-

sible for him to do so, and he had not failed to add what he could to the resulting resentment. This much was fairly evident. But he had accomplished something else of which Magellan knew nothing.

Mutiny and piracy are always delicate matters to arrange. By what bribery and corruption and work of spies and falsification of orders Alvarez had arranged them is a process which has never come to light. But so sure was he of his arrangements, so confident in the constancy of the captains whom he had induced to treachery, that he played his last card. The utter impudence in the face of Fate, the brass effrontery, of that play, is amazing.

Christopher Haro and Juan de Cartegena came to India House with certain orders for the conduct of the voyage—orders which differed, in some of their clauses, from Magellan's own instructions. India House sent for Magellan and cross-questioned him as if he were a culprit, asking among other things how it happened that so many Portuguese were gazetted to sail with the fleet. Magellan replied that he would take whom he chose. As for the orders, they could send a courier to Barcelona for the King's decision in the matter, and learn, once for all, that it was he, and not Señor Haro, or Captain

Cartegena, who was Captain-General of that fleet, with power of life or death over every man that sailed with it.

Alvarez saw the chance. He went to Magellan's house. The Captain-General was on his knees, packing preserved quince in a chest.

Alvarez began with his old argument about disloyalty and self-interest: could not Magellan see that he was being called a low-blood and a traitor for his perfidy towards King Manuel, and did he not know that small favors with honor were better than great glory with disgrace? Magellan asked what favors, exactly, Don Manuel was proposing to grant him? Oh, said Alvarez, he knew nothing of that; he was not a man of "sufficient tonnage" to be entrusted with his Sovereign's promises. Yes, of course Magellan knew that he might return to Portugal, and then, when Don Manuel changed his mind about the favors, he could perhaps buy seven yards of serge and some acorn beads, and be very happy as a hermit. Alvarez didn't see it; he thought it an extraordinary thing to say. He went on: was it not rather foolish of Magellan to forget his loyalty to Don Manuel because of that trifling refusal of *moradia*, when this matter of the conflicting orders that Haro and Cartegena had brought was as

great an insult? The real color of that, Alvarez said, would be evident when the courier got back from Barcelona. Magellan looked up at him, astonished; how came it that Alvarez should know of this?

Then Alvarez played his card.

"You think," he said, "that you are going as admiral, whereas I know that others are being sent in opposition to you, of whom you know nothing, except at a time when it will be too late."

He had revealed his own plot. To him, who had worked so hard for its accomplishment, it seemed a thing of devastating and final importance. Mutiny means death, if not for one side, then for the other; to him, who had thought so deeply of its consequences, it seemed a reason adequate to make Magellan give up. Indeed, it would have had exactly the effect which he foresaw. Another officer of the expedition, a Portuguese also, did give up, and returned subsequently to Portugal, where he was put in prison—became, in truth, a hermit.

Certainly, he had understood the path of his plot, straight through to the end. But he did not understand his man. It was not possible to frighten Magellan—in any manner, by anything. His courage rose up, at one gesture, to meet this new danger.

Courage simply terrifying, indeed, in its reckless daring; to go to sea, to set out around the world, in the face of this knowledge, with these very men. . . . He took it all on his own shoulders and went ahead.

The King gave him increased authority and told him to sail as soon as possible—which, of course, was just what he wanted. And Alvarez sat back.

On the street corners and in the markets the town crier beat his drum and read the proclamation: volunteers in the armada bound for the Spice Islands. The response was disheartening. The pay was too small, the risks too great, the chances of failure—foreordained, in the minds of men who knew what the sailors of Seville knew—were too great; it would be better to seek glory and a whole skin, with Gil Gonsalvez in Panama. Only seventeen men enlisted from Seville. The town crier read the proclamation in Cadiz; in Malaga. Men came, signed on, deserted, argued, listened to dreadful tales, ran away again, signed on again. Besides the Spanish and the Portuguese, there were finally Basques and Frenchmen and English and Sicilians; Flemings, Neopolitans, Greeks, Germans, Genoese, Corfiotes, men of the Canaries and Madeira, Negroes and Malays. All told, there were two hundred and sixty-eight men. They piled aboard, put

their dunnage below, came on deck again, and set to work.

There was still equipment to be thought of—last things, that had been late in delivery, or were to be stowed last. 76 hides, for making brushes for pitch, and 3 large pitch ladles; 120 skeins of wire for crossbows, and more beeswax, added to the store which the sailmakers already had, to slick the crossbow shanks; fifty powder-horns, and another reel of cannon-fuse; a chest of preserved quince, and 3 jars of capers; the chain for the large caldron had never come—a man was sent for it; he had hardly left when another followed him to get some razor-hones for the barbers; a quartermaster was sent to see if the three last bronze astrolabes were ready, promised a week ago. Ask the carpenter if there wasn't a topmaul in the ship, and if so, where was it? What had become of the compass that had been sent to be repaired? The winds would probably be Northeast as far as Cape Verde, at least; it would be better to stand to the westward; but that was Portuguese territory—and something might happen. Seventy-seven pieces of canvas; that completed the order. Perhaps the South Sea was larger than was supposed; but could one live on the country? There must be islands there, with people liv-

ing on them. Strange! People, everywhere in the world . . . The seven cows and the three pigs must be brought on board before the end of the week. No, leave the boat at the warehouse; he would go down the river in it . . . soon . . .

Ruy Faleiro became insane, and on the twenty-sixth of July King Charles dismissed him.

The King's other letter must be acknowledged.

There arrived a gentleman from Barcelona, bearing letters of introduction for the Captain-General, Signor Antonio Pigafetta, a Knight of Rhodes, assistant to the Roman ambassador to the Court of King Charles. He had heard of the expedition, and asked if he might go; he knew something of navigation; he would be worth his salt. He wanted no pay—only a chance to see the world and some of its wonders, and he would write the story of the voyage for his friend and patron Villiers de l'Isle Adam, Grand Master of the Knights of Rhodes. Could the Captain-General sign him on in some capacity? The Captain-General did so.

The officers were assigned to their several ships. In the *Trinidad* Estaban Gomez was King's Pilot, and Juan de Punzarol Master; in the *San Antonio*, Juan de Cartegena, Fleet-captain, was Captain and Juan de Elorriga Master; in the *Concepcion* Gas-

par de Quesada was Captain, and Juan Sebastian el Cano Master; in the *Victoria* Luiz de Mendoza, the Treasurer, was Captain, and Anton Salomon Master; in the *Santiago* Juan Serrano was Captain, and Ballasar Ginoves Master.

These were the men on whom everything depended. There were traitors among them, or among the crew—somewhere. It would come to the surface; it would creep up on him, at some moment when he was not on guard against it. When? Off what coast, or in what lonely roadstead? What would happen before he came again to Seville? And Doña Beatriz . . . she was expecting another child. Well. See about those extra charts.

On the tenth of August the pilots were summoned, and the ships went down the river to San Lucar.

The King wrote that there was need for haste. Magellan could offer nothing but excuses. It could not be long now.

The Captains were summoned to Santa Maria de Vittoria to hear Mass. The Captain-General and his officers dropped what they were doing and impatiently went. The oath of allegiance to Spain and to the King. Yes, yes. He must get that book on navigation from Faleiro's brother. The candles

burned bright on the altar; the priests knelt, rose, moved about. Te Deum laudamus. Four months' advance pay for the men. The crowd was hushed. Don Sancho Martinez de Layra, Corregidor of Seville, presented the Royal standard. Carts passing in the street; what was that? This banner . . . around the world . . . And to this I swear, God helping me. Back to India House. A letter to the King. Down the river. The cows might be brought aboard. Back to Seville.

They brought him his will to sign. One tenth share of his profits in the expedition to be divided . . . Convento de los Minimos . . . Montserrat in Barcelona . . . San Francisco in Aranda de Douro . . . San Domingo de las Duenas in Porto. . . . His rights in all discovered lands to descend to his son Rodrigo, or the child to be born, or, if neither was living, to his brother Diogo or his sister Isabella. Yes, he had said that. Doña Beatriz . . . pension from India House . . . Beatriz. . . . Diogo Barbosa and Don Sancho Matienzo to be executors. That was correct. "Upon the said day of my burial, three poor men may be clothed, and to each of them be given a cloak of grey stuff, a cap, a shirt, and a pair of shoes, that they may pray to God for my soul. . . . Ferdinand Magellan, Com-

mander, His Majesty's Captain-General of the Armada bound for the Spice Islands. . . ."

More equipment arrived. There was no time. Let it go; they could do without it. Señor Barbosa would credit the account of the expedition. A bill from Bernandino del Castillo in Cadiz: 16 compass-needles and 6 hour glasses, bought by order. That was correct. A planisphere in a leather case, and a special compass in a gilt box, to be sent at once to his Majesty the King. Beatriz . . . God keep you, Beatriz. . . .

The Captain-General went down the Guadalquivir for the last time. The ships were waiting.

There was a special Mass at Nossa Señora de Barremeda, and all went to Confession. The Captains swore loyalty. They prayed together, for God's blessing on them, for protection in peril, for steady purpose and courage. Ora pro nobis. Amen. The flag, the flag!

On Tuesday, September 20, 1519, they sailed.

Chapter VIII

Of the voyage of the Armada across the South Atlantic; and what they found in the land of South America; of Port St. Julian, and what happened there.

From San Lucar the fleet proceeded on a southwest course for the Canaries. Five ships, with a fair wind in pleasant weather, surging over the long rollers. They pushed broad ridges of tumbling foam before their full round bows; their high sternworks lurched and staggered, leaning and swinging, now on this side, now on that; they were broad and heavy and low in the waist, with short thick spars that hung forward over their heads, and sails that bulged and billowed; they tripped on their own skirts when the white crests caught up with them, and yawed alarmingly as they coasted down the steep leeward slopes; some of them partially clewed up their courses to avoid running ahead of the flagship, which led the way. The soft white clouds, flattened on the lower edges, reached on ahead forever, over the curve of the world; the dolphins jumped under the spritsails, and the flying fish

went skipping away from the thundering bows; all hands on board were busy, overhauling gear and stowing away—it was easy pleasant going, with no threat of danger in the sea.

The watches were arranged for sea routine, and signals for communication between the several ships. Each night, just after sunset, when the weather permitted it, the ships were to close within hailing distance of the *Trinidad*, to receive the orders for the night and to salute: "Dios vos salve, señor Capitan-General y maestre, é buena compania."

On the sixth day out of San Lucar they sighted a patch of thick dark mist on the horizon ahead, and the Peak of Tenerife came looming up out of the sea.

The fleet remained three days at Tenerife, taking in meat and wood and water, and then they went to Punta Rasca, at the southern end of the island, and loaded pitch. All day long the trade wind went shouting across the mountain, bending the trees; the boats came and went between the ships and the shore.

And a caravel, flying the standard of Spain, rounded the point and stood up for the anchorage. The men on the beach straightened their backs; the oarsmen lay on their oars; the Captains stood at

their rails; word was taken to the Captain-General, who came to his quarter-deck and watched. She rounded up and backed her foresail; men were busy in her waist, getting a boat over; the boat left her side and rowed to the *Trinidad*. A messenger from India House. He went into the cabin with the Captain-General.

The letter was from Diogo Barbosa. "Keep a good watch, since it has come to my knowledge that your Captains have told their friends and relations here that if there is any trouble they will kill you . . . your Captains have resolved not to obey you, particularly Juan de Cartegena." Magellan gave the messenger a simple acknowledgment: he was grateful for the warning, but he would go on, of course. The boat went back to the waiting caravel and was hoisted aboard; she filled away on the starboard tack and disappeared behind the headland, bound around the island on her way home. Across the intervening space between their two ships Captain Mendoza looked questioningly at Captain Cartegena. The work went on again.

At midnight, on the third of October, the order was given to get under way, and the ships hove their anchors out of Spanish ground and stood away to the southward, following the Captain-General's lan-

tern. At dawn the Peak of Tenerife was a patch of thick dark mist on the horizon astern.

The course drew gradually nearer to the African coast as the fleet reached down to the eastward of the Cape Verde Islands. Here, between the islands and the main, they found bad weather, as might have been expected. But they had not expected it: it was contrary to the opinions of the Ancients. The Ancients were wrong again. Indeed, it would have been better to make westing in the track of the trades, and leave the African coast altogether. But the Captain-General had his reasons.

All down the Guinea coast they met with rough water and hard head winds and violent squalls. The demonstration concluded with a howling gale. It was impossible to set a rag of sail; the ships went wallowing off before it under bare poles. Each night the *Trinidad's* lantern showed ahead, reeling over the waves, half hidden by flying mist and level rain; each day dawned on a dim wild world of low dark sky and hissing water. It was discouraging work, endless and hopeless; they were swamped in dread and despair. But one black night St. Elmo's Fire appeared; pale flames streamed from the mast-heads, and a glaring ball of light hung at the flag-ship's maintop, sputtering, wavering in the wind,

lighting the decks and the men's faces, and showing tears in their eyes. The good Bishop was mindful of them, and the good omen promised that the gale would end. A heavy rain succeeded, killing the wind and flattening out the seas, and the sun shone brightly in the morning.

The trades blew fresh, the water sparkled, the distant mountains in Africa stood up sharp and blue in the clear air. The ships made sail, all together, and the *Trinidad* set the course: South by West. Now this was not the course that had been mentioned and agreed upon, and Captain Cartegena—wanting, perhaps, to see how matters stood—crowded sail on the *San Antonio* and drew up abreast the flagship. He hailed and asked the course. South by West. And then he asked why it had been changed. "Follow the flagship and ask no questions," was the reply. The *San Antonio* dropped back again where she belonged. And when the course was changed again, no questions were asked.

The routine was resumed. But when the *San Antonio* ranged up to salute, it was a quartermaster who hailed. "Dios vos salve, señor capitan y maestre, é buena compania." Magellan called Captain

Cartegena on deck; he was "Captain-General," and not "Captain," and he expected to be properly addressed. "I sent the best man in the ship to salute you," shouted Cartegena, "and another day, if you like, I will salute you through one of the pages." The *San Antonio* dropped back to her place, and for three days thereafter offered no salutes at all.

On a certain day not long following, the flagship hove to and set the signal: all Captains report on board. They gathered, accordingly, in the Captain-General's cabin; the matter in hand was the trial of a sailor in the *Victoria*—the report of it having been carried to the Captain-General by the same process of keeping in touch decreed for the beginning of each first watch of the night—and the investigation of the case being finished, Captain Cartegena spoke again of that change of course. He said that the agreement had been for a Southwest course, but the Captain-General had altered it, as if he were keeping near Africa for some reason of his own; now, they were standing across the Atlantic on a course that was taking them to the nearest point of South America, which was Portuguese territory. What was the reason for this, and why had not the Captains been consulted?

Magellan wanted no words with him. He clutched him by the jacket. "You are my prisoner," he said, and turned him over to Captain Luiz Mendoza for custody. There were the two of them together.

The command of the *San Antonio* was given to Antonio de Coca.

On November 29 they made their landfall in the New World—Cape St. Augustine, on that out-reaching sweep of coast that approaches most closely to Africa.

Juan Lopez Caraballo, one of the survivors of de Solis' tragic enterprise, had lived in this country for four years, and he told the Captain-General something of the natives and the land. Magellan issued very particular instructions in respect to the treatment of the inhabitants: there must be no fighting, at whatever provocation, in the domain of the King of Portugal. There was no provocation. The people came swarming down to the beach to trade; the very things that the fleet needed were the things that were most plentiful: fowls and potatoes and pineapples and tapir-meat. Indeed, nothing could more surely make for peace than the schedule of trading values which was in effect: six fowls for a fish-hook; two geese for a comb; enough fish for ten

men for a mirror or a pair of scissors; a basket of potatoes for a small bell or a leather thong. Signor Pigafetta got six hens for a king of diamonds.

In this pleasant country, with friendly people and a growing supply of fresh food, the morale of the men came up to normal. Life was worth living, even here. But the Captain-General was impatient to get on with his voyage; he had other aims than making life worth living.

On December 13 the fleet entered Santa Lucia Bay at Rio de Janeiro. It rained, for the first time in two months, and the natives made an obvious inference, and were grateful to the fleet. They came out around the ships in their big dugout canoes, thirty or forty of them in a boat, naked, black, with shaven heads, their paddles shaped like shovels, so that there was a devilish look about them. But they were very cordial and friendly.

Juan Caraballo recognized the place. The people were cannibals, and the custom, he said, had come about in a curious way. They did not eat human meat because it was good—which, in fact, it was not—but as a ceremonial revenge against their enemies. Some years before, during a war with another tribe, a young man had been taken prisoner. His mother, in an explosion of wild rage, had caught

one of the enemy and bitten him in the shoulder; back in the village he said that she had tried to eat him, and showed his wounds. Since then, both tribes had always eaten prisoners. Caraballo knew it; hadn't he lived there for four years?

In other respects, too, the people were not without interest. Their formal dress was a ridiculous and gaudy tail of parrot feathers, sticking out behind. They pierced their lower lips and wore stone ornaments in them. They lived in long houses, divided for several families by hanging mats of rushes; there was a smoke-hole in the roof, but none of the smoke went out; it seemed that they never slept, for the racket and jabber was ceaseless. They made pets of parrots and little yellow lion-faced monkeys. They were invited to attend Mass, and came in a very understanding mood, remaining in a reverent and fascinated attitude of prayer that was very pleasant to see. They built a house on the beach for the explorers' use and made them a handsome present of carefully cut firewood when they left. The phrase "friendly natives" meant more to medieval explorers than it is possible to understand; it would have meant more still if these men had known what was before them, and how rare a thing was friendliness.

The next anchorage was at Rio de la Plata. The name Santa Maria was applied both to the river and the cape on the Northern side of the estuary; it had once been thought to be the strait that led through into the South Sea. De Solis had explored it, and though it was plain that the water was fresh, and could not lead to another sea, he had gone inland, looking for China—for faith dies hard—and had been killed and eaten by the natives. The shores had a hateful and malicious look. The weather had become uncertain, and the sky was never clear.

A man appeared on the beach. It seemed incredible—yet it was true that he was almost a giant in size. In the old books there had been travelers' tales of giants in these outlandish parts. Others appeared, both men and women, and stood staring, plainly afraid. The Captain-General sent a hundred men ashore, and the giants ran so fast that they could not be overtaken. They were gone. Had they really been giants?

Further down the coast they came upon a group of small islands, literally swarming with enormous geese. To replenish the food supply the ships selected a convenient bay and rounded in and anchored. Some men were sent to the islands, well armed. But there proved to be no need for arms;

the geese could be knocked down with a stick. Certainly, they were extraordinary geese; they stood almost as high as a man's waist; they were black, with white markings on their breasts, and their feathers were all of the same sort, both on wings and bodies. They did not fly at all, but they swam wonderfully, diving even more cleverly than ducks, and using their wings as flippers. No one in the fleet had seen penguins before.

There were sea-wolves, too. They snarled and barked and showed their teeth, and would have been very dangerous if they had been able to run. But they waddled along in a most awkward manner, and seemed capable of swift and agile movement only when they were in the water. By experiment, it was found that their meat was as good as that of the geese, and a large number were captured. But it was hard to believe that they were real; even Juan Caraballo was unable plausibly to explain a seal.

The country became a terrifying region of portents and wonders. The barren headlands had a wild and haunted look, without trees, almost without grass or shrubs; the sand-hills were desolate and lifeless; along shore the bottom shoaled suddenly in murderous banks and sandy patches; and a surf as

high as the hills rolled in in sullen thunder on the beaches. There was a hopeless quality in it, a dead and dreary despair. The gloom increased with progress towards the South—in the aspect of the country itself, and in the effect of it upon men's minds.

By the time the fleet reached Forty-nine South the season was well advanced—it was early in March—and the weather was growing steadily worse. There were frequent squalls, with flurries of snow and hail—a merciless, dispiriting process of exhaustion. Each hour brought the limit of endurance—and a worse hour followed.

Then there came a howling gale from the South-east. It blew as no man in that fleet had ever seen it blow before. The seas swept in at thirty miles an hour, boiling white, and each succeeding hill of water caught up the ships and set them nearer shore. To look for shelter would be simple folly. No man, unless he had resolved on death, would run a ship blindly for that yelling beach in the faint hope that some way would open up before her through the banks, or some chance gap in the coast would lead her into the protecting land. They set what sail they dared to risk, came about onto the offshore tack, and went sagging away to sea. They were laying

over buried up in foam, jumping like mad things, leaking, groaning with the strain, steering wild. But they got offshore.

St. Elmo's fire appeared again.

When it was over the fleet reached back in toward the land, with a Northerly wind. To the Southwest a dim mountain top showed over the rim of the sea. Where there were hills it was likely that the coast was broken. They steered for it. It was harbor that they wanted. It was plain that the year was over and that winter was upon them.

An opening appeared. There was a bar across it, with a broad bank of sand in the center and an intricate channel with swirls of tidal current on either side. The *Trinidad* hove to just outside, and the Captain-General studied the lay of the land. As the tide made, the breakers covered the bank, and the long smooth surges rolled through between. He sent a man to the foretop to watch the color of the water, and leadsmen to the bows; he swung his yards and stood straight in. She yawed in the swift current; the rollers caught her and shot her forward, head down, roaring. Then almost in a single instant she was through. The others fell in line and followed. Behind the point the water gradually shoaled, and the fleet dropped anchor.

Port St. Julian, the winter quarters. It was the last day of March, 1520.

The aspect of the shores was desolate, but there was firewood in evidence and a plentiful supply of fish and seafowl. The ration of bread and wine was reduced. Alvora de la Mezquita was appointed to the command of the *San Antonio* to replace Antonio de Coca.

The reduction of rations brought an immediate protest. In the men's view of it, the rations should have been increased, not reduced; they had had all the hard treatment they were disposed to stand, and now that they were in harbor for the winter, were they not to live easy? The Captains were of the opinion that the expedition had already failed. There was no strait here, or any sign of one—nothing but snow and ice and cold and bitter desolation. Nothing was being accomplished by remaining. The King wanted no more than they had already done. But if the Captain-General was not willing to turn back, at least let him increase the rations again. Were they all to die in this horrible place?

Magellan replied that they would assuredly die—if not here, then somewhere farther on—or accomplish what they had set out for. There was a strait;

the King had ordered him to discover it, and he would discover it. As for food, there was plenty of it in the country; the bread and wine had not failed them, and would not, so long as they adhered to the rations which he had ordered. Had they no faith in the Spring? Were they Castilians? What had become of the valorous spirit of Spain? The King would reward them in proportion to what they suffered in carrying out his commands; it was achievement that the King wanted, and what could they expect at home if they went back now, having done nothing because they were frightened by bad weather?

Then let them have done with such faint-hearted talk, and set about their business. The day following, the first of April, would be Psalm Sunday; let all captains, masters, pilots, and officers of the fleet go ashore to celebrate the Mass. Afterwards, they would dine with him on board the flagship.

Luiz de Mendoza and Gaspar Quesada did not come to Mass, and the Captain-General dined with Alvora de la Mezquita alone. The two men were cousins. They sat in the cabin, with candles on the table before them, and conversed very soberly in Portuguese. The wind moaned in the rigging, the water talked noisily under the bows, the ship swung

and surged at her cable. It was black starless midnight when Captain de la Mezquita rowed back to the blur of yellow light that marked the position of his ship.

Early on the morning of April second the Captain-General ordered out a boat. They were to go to the *San Antonio* for men and then proceed to shore to look for water. Within five minutes the boat came back.

It had happened.

The boat had rounded up beside the *San Antonio*, and had been told to keep off. But they came with orders from the Captain-General. This was not the Captain-General's ship; nor the *Concepcion*, nor the *Victoria*. "For whom are you?" cried the coxswain. Gaspar Quesada appeared on deck. "For the King and for myself," said he.

Magellan did not ask about the *Santiago*. She was commanded by Juan Serrano, who had been with Lorenzo de Almeida off Cannanore. Well, what was the rest of it?

During the night, Gaspar Quesada, Juan de Cartegena, and Juan Sebastian el Cano, with thirty men from the *Concepcion*, had gone aboard the *San Antonio*. They entered the Captain's cabin, where Mezquita, just returned from the *Trinidad*, faced

them. They had drawn swords in their hands. They had seized the *Concepcion* and the *Victoria*, they said, and they demanded his surrender. They had been hazed long enough, under pretext of the King's orders; now they were through. If it kept up, they were all dead men. There was a sound of confused scuffling on deck; the men who would not join were being put in irons. Was it yes, or no?

Just at that instant there appeared in the black doorway behind them Juan de Elorriaga, Master of the *San Antonio*. In all the three ships, this brave Basque was the only man who spoke a word for loyalty and duty. "In the name of God and of the King Don Carlos," he said, "I summon you to go to your ship. This is no time to go through the fleet with armed men. Release our Captain."

Quesada whirled on him. "Must our work remain undone because of this madman?" he cried, drawing his dagger. He stabbed Elloriaga and stabbed him thrice again as he fell. Mezquita surrendered.

Quesada remained in charge of the *San Antonio;* Mendoza had gone to the *Victoria;* Cartegena took the *Concepcion*.

That was all.

It was bad enough, indeed. It was bad enough

that three ships out of the five should have turned against him. The forces were ninety-eight against one hundred and seventy. But it appeared at its worst when he looked around him; they were on the other side of nowhere, at the ends of the earth. They had been dependent on themselves. It was by working together, by coöperation and a mutual helpfulness, that they had brought the safe world with them to this point outside the boundary of life. Their faith, their only hope or chance, had been in their ships and in one another. And now the ships were gone, and no man could trust the man beside him.

In the evening, a message came from the mutineers. They had done this in order that he might no longer illtreat them. If he would agree to fulfil the King's instructions, they promised obedience. If not—they had three ships.

Magellan replied that he was willing to treat with them; if they would come to the flagship he would hear what they had to say. With this message the boat returned to the *San Antonio*. He watched them climb aboard; they stood consulting for a moment in the nipping wind. Then they dropped into the boat again and came rowing back to the flagship. The light was fading from the sky and from the surrounding shores; the boat crawled

like a black bug across a sheet of pallid silver. A bleak and desperate twilight.

The mutineers could not consent to come to the flagship. They proposed a conference on board the *San Antonio*.

"If he would agree to fulfil the King's instructions . . ." It sounded as if they were preparing a phrase to submit to a court in Spain. And now they asked him to come to the *San Antonio*, to hear them interpret "the King's instructions." What chance would he have, whether he was alone or not, to refuse them anything they might demand? No. It would be better to strike. Soon, before they expected it.

He sent for Duarte Barbosa, and . . . a man for dangerous work . . . yes . . . the Master of Arms, Gonzalo Gomez de Espinosa. He wrote out an order to Luiz de Mendoza: report at once on board the flagship for conference. Espinosa was to deliver it; he was to have six men with him, with hidden weapons. They were to keep together while the note was handed over; if Mendoza refused to obey the summons, they were to kill him. At once, before he had time to shout "To arms!" Espinosa understood. Meanwhile, Duarte was to take fifteen men in the *Trinidad's* spare boat and row up under

the *Victoria's* stern. If they heard a sound of a fight—a cry, or noise of naked steel—they were to board and take the ship. They were to kill no one, except as might be necessary to defend themselves; they were to trust any man who seemed to warrant it, but they were to remember that it was easy for any mutineer to say that he had appeared to consent to mutiny in order to save his life. Having the ship, they were to shift her berth nearer the harbor mouth, so as to prevent the escape of the *Concepcion* and *San Antonio*. They must not fail.

The boats were put over and the men dropped into them; their faces showed for a second in the lantern light, and then they vanished utterly. The whole anchorage was perfectly black. Duarte's men were very quiet, but Espinosa's oars thumped loudly, and grew fainter in the distance. The wind was moaning, and outside—as always, day or night—the surf boomed loudly on the beaches. A hail was heard beside the *Victoria* and a light showed for a second over the rail.

Aboard the *Victoria*, in the Captain's cabin, Espinosa delivered the note. The six men stood around him. No one spoke nor moved while Mendoza unfolded the paper. Then he laughed. "Ho!" he said, "I'm not to be caught that way!" Instantly

Espinosa stabbed him. He struck at his throat—it was likely that he wore a chain mail under his cloak, and Espinosa was the man to know it.

There was a moment's silence, and then Duarte and his fifteen men came piling in over the rail. An extra ration of wine had been served out to all the *Victoria's* hands, which did not improve their courage. They surrendered at once, without resistance. It was impossible to tell who had mutinied and who had not, but the men who were found in chains were sure, at any rate, and these were released.

On the morning of April third the *Trinidad*, the *Victoria*, and the *Santiago* lay in a line across the harbor mouth, and the mutineer's ships were like bears at bay. In the night's brief interval the situation had been completely reversed; the balance of power had shifted to the Captain-General's side; the rebel ships were trapped; and, now that they knew what they might expect, and saw the chances turned against them, the mutineers' courage changed to despair.

Quesada and Cartegena made the best plan they could. To send men with a message to the Captain-General would simply be weakening their forces so much, for the men would be seized. But Alvora de la Mezquita might be sent; he was not to be trusted

as a mutineer, no matter what might be the outcome and he was moreover, a kinsman of the Captain-General's. He was under hatches, in chains, knowing nothing of what had happened.

Quesada went down. He was going to release him, he said, and send him to Magellan to ask for terms. Mezquita replied that there would be no terms. This was obviously true, on second thought; the more so since Mezquita gave up his chance of life to say it. Well then, they would go to Spain. They would slip out in the darkness, that night, and Mezquita, stationed up forward for the purpose, would hail the Captain-General as they passed, and ask him, once more, as a last chance, to give up the voyage. Mezquita saw that this was folly. Then he saw himself as a witness in a court of piracy, and, at the same instant, saw that Quesada saw it. Then he was left alone again.

That night it came on to blow. The wind was South, along the coast, and directly out of the anchorage. It was a black night, of course—all nights were black in Port St. Julian. It was quite plain that this was the mutineers' chance.

The three ships, like sentries before a prison door, loaded their cannon, got out their grappling irons, and stood under arms. The whole world was a

pocket of black. There were no lights on the *Concepcion* and the *San Antonio*, and it was impossible even to keep fixed in the mind the positions where they lay. There was no sound anywhere except the dreary wind and that eternal roar of surf. Hours passed. They stood there, waiting, unable to see or to hear, forbidden to speak; they reached out their hands from time to time to feel their comrades near them.

Just before midnight a faint sound was heard—a confused clatter and clumping. Then all was still again. Then there came a sudden guarded shout. And all at once the *San Antonio*, invisible, lurching through the dark, dragging her anchor, unable to turn or steer or make sail, drifted stern first into the *Trinidad*. The ships reeled, and every man braced his feet. The gunners fired a broadside. The grappling hooks were thrown across. Torches flared up blindingly. The *Victoria's* men boarded from the other side, and the mutineers surrendered.

The crew of the *Santiago* were sent to take the *Concepcion*, and, having done so, mounted guard. Not a man was wounded. Only Juan Rodriguez de Mafra, sitting in chains in the hold of the *San Antonio*, saw a cannon ball come splintering through

the side of the ship and go humming across between his legs.

In the morning the body of Luiz de Mendoza was quartered and impaled on stakes on the shore.

The mutineers were tried and sentenced. Gaspar Quesada was beheaded and quartered; his servant, Luiz de Molino, was offered pardon if he would consent to act as executioner, and did so. Juan de Cartegena and Pedro Sanchez de la Reina, a priest, were sentenced to be marooned. They, and more than forty others found guilty, were put in chains until the fleet should leave. The forty were ultimately pardoned, but Cartegena's and la Reina's sentences were carried out.

Then winter began in earnest.

Chapter IX

Of the loss of the *Santiago*, which was Juan Serrano's ship; and of very bad weather; and how the *San Antonio* was lost; and of the discovery of the Strait which is now called the Strait of Magellan.

The weather had been the real cause of the mutiny. The wind and the cold and the desperate coast had discouraged them all, except the Captain-General himself, and those few who were able to take what came without being crushed by it. After that bitter gale at the end of March the sudden relaxing of resistance and the security of the harbor —even in that God-forgotten country—gave men time to sum up, to think of the position they were in, and how they were to get out of it. Mendoza and Quesada and Cartegena had been waiting for their opportunity, and the circumstances of Port St. Julian, on the very first day, afforded it.

The ships were leaking badly, and—the rise of the tide being twenty-three feet—they were grounded out on the beach to be caulked and pitched.

The mutineers worked at the pumps. A hut was

built on one of the islets, and the smithy was set up. A large supply of firewood was cut, fishing and hunting parties were busy, and the country was explored as well as the conditions of travel would permit.

But the weather was a constant hindrance to all this. There was hardly a day without snow or rain or hail. It took courage even to go out on deck, and without a deliberate determination it was impossible to go ashore to cut wood. Fishing was a long agony of cold and wet. Expeditions into the interior always brought back the same messages of dreary barren rolling land, thick with waist-high scrub and sickening in its monotony.

Moreover, the necessary work was completed. An idle crew is a danger, but a crew kept busy by arbitrarily imposed tasks is little better. The Captain-General looked ahead, trying to see how he was to occupy the months that were to come, and was gripped with a maddening impatience. To imagine weeks and months devoted to killing time, when there was so much to be done! He was never a man to be idle. He did not know how to wait. The fleet had been out for seven months, and, so far as the actual accomplishment of his purpose was concerned, they had done nothing. They were no

more than started on their road; they were simply in a position to begin.

An earnest attempt was made to determine the longitude. It failed of any intelligent result. But it was certain, at least, that Port St. Julian was across the line of demarcation and in Spanish territory. It would be a criminal neglect of opportunity if the land were not explored; no one had been there before, and it was hard to say when any one would come again; but the land was Spain's, and worth investigating. He determined, therefore, to send an expedition to explore the coast to the south, to examine the country, to avoid subsequent delay of the fleet, and to find—perhaps—the strait.

The *Santiago* was ordered ready for sea. She was a small and handy ship, and drew less water than the others. Serrano, of course, would take her; he knew the ship, to begin with, and there was no one in the entire fleet, save only the Captain-General himself, who had had more experience. And this, certainly, would require all the skill and judgment that a man could bring to it.

Towards the end of April, Serrano was ready. When the *Santiago* hove anchor and made sail the entire fleet turned out to watch her go. It was the first separation, and it gave them all a feeling of

self-reliance and independence; St. Julian was a headquarters now, and they had a world of their own. They saw her go boiling down the harbor and turn out into the channel; she plunged into the first of the advancing rollers at the entrance; her reeling topmasts were visible for a time over the point. Then she was gone.

In all this time at Port St. Julian, no one had been seen on shore. There was reason enough, indeed, to consider the country uninhabited. But late in May a man appeared on the beach, dancing. He was a giant, and he danced mightily, stopping now and again to catch up handfulls of sand, which he threw on his head. This might reasonably be assumed a sign of welcome and of submission. The Captain-General sent a man ashore alone, with instructions to meet the demonstration in the spirit in which it was intended. The man landed; the giant paused to watch him step out and draw up his boat. Then the two danced together for some time. Then they got into the boat, and the man rowed the giant to the islet where the smithy was.

When the Captain-General arrived at the islet the giant was utterly astonished at his appearance, and made it plain by signs that he thought they came from heaven. But the giant's appearance was even

more extraordinary. He was huge; the Spaniards came hardly to his waist. His face was painted red, with yellow about the eyes, and there were heart-shaped patches painted on his cheeks. He had a short heavy bow with a gut string, and flint-tipped arrows. He was clothed in skins, very neatly sewn, and he wore enormous fur boots. It was Magellan who gave these people the name of Patagones—"Big-feet." They gave him some food, for which he seemed grateful, and showed him a large steel mirror. He was badly frightened at the sight of his own face, jumped back, and upset four men. The mirror was presented to him, with a comb and some bells, and he was set ashore. He disappeared over the hills towards the West.

Six days later another came. He also danced lustily; his feet sinking in the ground to the ankles at every leap. He seemed to like the Spaniards, and remained for a long time; they baptized him, and gave him the name of Juan, which he learned; he was able also to say "Jesus," "Ave Maria," and "Pater Noster," very clearly and loudly. He was given presents, and disappeared into the West.

Then two men appeared together. They shouted and waved their arms and while the boat was coming for them they sat down on the sand. The boat

brought them back to the *Trinidad*. They were very sick-looking men; they were haggard, in tatters, hardly recognizable. They were from the *Santiago*.

Their comrades were safe—that is, they were on shore. Except that one man had lost his life.

They had gone down the coast for about sixty miles, and found it low land, covered with scrubby bushes, and fronted by a shingle beach. Then the character of the country had changed, and become a range of steep white clay cliffs, three hundred feet high, rising like a wall from the sea, with a narrow beach, which the tide covered, at their feet—a gloomy and desolate extent, making their hearts sink as they fought their way along it against the heavy weather, and causing them to look back with positive affection at Port St. Julian.

Then they had come to a large river, which Captain Serrano had named the Santa Cruz, and there they had entered. It was, indeed, the only opening in the whole range of iron-bound coast. The mouth was about a mile in width, with bars across it, but within the estuary widened to form a commodious pool, with an island in it. The water was salt, and they thought at first that they had found the strait, but when the tide ebbed the water became fresh, and they did not go far inland. They spent

a week in catching fish, with which the river was swarming, and then they prepared to return.

They were caught in a heavy onshore gale. Their rudder was broken, and the ship, unable to get about to claw off, drove ashore. She struck broadside on, swung on her heel, and put her bow in the breakers; every wave picked her up and dropped her on the sand; she opened like a basket, and her whole rig went by the board. There was no hope for her, and they climbed out into the head rigging and dropped on the beach. A negro had been drowned by jumping too soon. They huddled together on the beach, soaked with the spray, deafened by the roar of savage breakers with tumbling rocks in them, choked by flying sand; the scrub behind them shrieked like a million jangled harps. The ship went to pieces before their eyes.

They were thirty-seven men. They caught fish, and managed to keep alive, and when the sea went down they saved what they could from the wreck. They made a raft of planks to cross the river, and for eight days they waited for the stream to grow quiet enough for them to risk the passage. But there were no quiet intervals.

Finally, these two had volunteered to make the attempt to go back to St. Julian for help. They

had crossed, cautiously, but paddling hard to fight the vicious current, and looked back only when they had made the shore and tied the raft. Their comrades had been watching them breathlessly; they saw caps waving. Then they had struck North over the tops of the cliffs.

They had been eleven days on the way. They had slept in the scrub, and had found no water fit to drink. Swamps stopped them, and they had been forced to make wide detours inland. They were nearly dead but they had done it.

Magellan called for volunteers, and selected twenty-four men, who took a two months' supply of biscuit, and set out.

The natives began to come more often to the harbor, with a growing interest in the ships. Since King Charles had requested that some of the inhabitants of the visited lands should be brought home to Spain, and since these Patagonian giants were certainly unique, and as curious as any people likely to be found on earth, Magellan decided on the capture of some of them. Of course, this could be accomplished only by trickery. When a favorable opportunity occurred, two of the giants were loaded with gifts; their hands were filled, so that they could think of no way to carry the last present that

was offered: a set of manacles. They wanted the manacles; iron was very rare among them, and very precious. And they accepted the suggestion that they carry them on their ankles. While the pins were being driven home they suspected something, but they were reassured, and stood still until it was done. Their rage was terrible, and it was very difficult to bind their hands, even when they were fettered. They raved savagely, struggling like madmen, and called on Setebos, their Greater Demon, to aid them. They were taken aboard, and given food; each ate a basket full of biscuits, and drank half a pail of water at a gulp.

One—who was later christened Paulo—made signs which were understood to indicate that he did not want to be taken from his wife. There could be no objection to her going to Spain also, and a party went ashore to find her. The women had been carefully hidden while the men were on a hunting expedition, but the Spaniards found them. There was some misunderstanding of the intention, and the women fled, jumping about so agilely that the Spaniards could not shoot them, and as they ran they fired back over their shoulders. Diogo de Barrasa was hit in the leg by one of the arrows and died immediately from the effects of the poison. The

women all escaped, and thereafter it was not safe to go ashore at Port St. Julian.

The crew of the *Santiago* returned. The rescuing party had found the shipwrecked men intact and safe, though they had suffered greatly from privation and exposure. In many cautious trips, three or four men at a time, they had crossed the river on their raft—three miles of raging current, with water as rough as rapids, which would have been unsafe even in a boat—and after an exhausting journey of four days they reached the ships again.

Serrano reported. The coast was not so desperate as the first messengers had said, and it would have been perfectly possible to send the fleet to effect the rescue—indeed, this was what Serrano had expected when he sent the men North, and he had been watching the sea for his deliverance, rather than the land. The anchorage was good; if it had not been for his broken rudder he would not have lost his ship. In his opinion, the fleet might profitably proceed to Santa Cruz.

There were reasons enough, besides this, for leaving Port St. Julian. The place had become impossible; to its desolation had now been added the monotony of five months; the natives had become enemies; and the remains of the bodies of the exe-

cuted mutineers still hung on the poles on the beach. Worst of all, there was no water. Santa Cruz River would afford a change, at least; moreover, it was farther South.

Juan de Cartegena and Pedro de la Reina were given a large supply of bread and wine, and put ashore.

Sails were brought out and bent, and the ships were made ready for sea. It was only a two days' journey that they contemplated—but it was two days of Patagonian winter. The crew of the *Santiago* was distributed among the other ships, and the commands were rearranged: Duarte Barbosa took the *Victoria*, Alvora de la Mezquita the *San Antonio*, and Juan Serrano the *Concepcion*. No one knew what was coming; before them was awful weather, a dangerous coast, the reminder of one shipwreck, and uncertainty in every changing hour —but every man in the fleet was glad to escape from the curse of Port St. Julian.

A cross was erected at the summit of the highest hill, which was named Monte Cristo, and the land was claimed for Spain. Mass was said ashore, and the crews went to Confession. They sailed on the twenty-fourth of August, 1520.

The passage was without incident. It did blow

very hard, and the ships very nearly went ashore—it was like falling from a terrifying height, or sinking in quicksand, or expecting uncertain death each second of twelve long hours—but they did not go ashore, and the passage was without incident. On the twenty-sixth the fleet crossed the bar at the mouth of the river and anchored opposite the island behind the second point on the South shore.

Guanacos and fish were plentiful, and drinking water was taken from the river, a day's boat trip upstream. Strict economy of food had become the first essential now, for there was every evidence that winter would last forever; there was no break in the cold, and the gales followed one another in weary procession. And yet, the days were surely growing longer.

The Captain-General felt his impatience grow, and with it there grew a realization of the need of haste. He was near the strait—perhaps. But he had done nothing towards finding it. If it was near; if he might, two weeks from that day, or a month from that day, discover it and pass through it and be on his way across the South Sea . . . Was it not folly to wait? Or—for this also was possible—if it was to be months away, and the South Sea should be set back far into the future, on the other

side of long hardship and weary struggle . . . Why not begin it now? He could not wait forever. He could not guess what he had to face. It was easiest to go to meet it. It was inaction and uncertainty that were unendurable. Make sail.

On the eighteenth of October the fleet left the Santa Cruz.

The coast was low, destitute even of hills. On the second day the cliffs began again, ending in a lofty cape. Then there was more low land, and a river—it promised nothing. There was always a danger that some opening might be passed during the night; and the nights were very long. A broad range of shoals fronted the shore, making it necessary to keep well off; at times the land was not visible, even in daylight, and the ships stood in as close as was safe, to look—and saw always that dreary and unbroken line of dunes and shingle. Then once more there were white cliffs, plainly visible, even from outside the shoals, and plainly unbroken. Then there was another lofty cape. Four days of slow and wearing progress to cover one hundred and thirty miles of discouragement.

It was on Saint Ursula's day, the twenty-first of October, that the cape was sighted, and the Captain-General named it the Cape of the Eleven Thousand

Virgins. Beyond it was a low sandy point covered with tangled and matted kelp which had been blown out of the water. Beyond the point there was a great indentation in the coast.

The bay was too large to take in at a glance; the light that filtered through the shifting clouds distorted and hid the distant coasts; hills seemed to be on the shore, and were later found to be ten miles inland; points of land seemed to be islands, and were proved to be continuous solid ground; openings appeared, and, at a nearer view, closed again. The fleet stood across to the farther shore and anchored among an intricacy of shoals.

They were four miles from the beach, and protected only by the sand banks. The tide rose forty feet, and covered the banks. And during the night it came on to blow.

There could not be a worse position. The Captain-General showed four lights: get under way. The ships made sail, hove up, and stood off and on, under easy canvas, in the center of the bay, well clear of the land. To be jammed in on a lee shore, in an encircling bay, with no room to reach out and nowhere to run, is a situation which has its only remedy in a shift of wind. And this was in black night, with the shores invisible.

By noon of the following day it had moderated somewhat. The *San Antonio* and the *Concepcion* were sent to leeward to look at the head of the bay. The other two ships hove to and awaited them very impatiently. The sooner the fleet was out of this the better.

The *San Antonio* and the *Concepcion* reached over to the north shore of the bay; they were nearly out of sight. The changing light hid them and then revealed them; it was only between two waves, and when they chanced to roll so that the light was reflected from their sails, that they could be seen at all. They were at the very head of the bay. Then their sails showed as square notches cut in the coast behind them; they were coming back.

The Captain-General watched them come. There was a point of land under their lee, and they seemed to be trying to keep off it—it was a continuation of the same line of shore where the sand banks were. If there was a shoal under their bows, with the wind they were carrying, they were gone. A current, and their own leeway, was sweeping them down; they drifted with terrible speed and seemed to draw nearer very slowly. A line of white water now lay right across their path. They must do something—soon. Then all at once they swung off, both to-

gether. They squared their yards and ran straight for the point. In an instant they were out of sight behind it.

It still blew very hard, and a heavy sea was rolling into the bay. In that weather, to go to look for them would be a foolish risk of the two remaining ships. If they had run ashore—if they had decided, in that brief exciting moment before they turned and ran West, that it was better to slam hard up on the beach and be done with it, rather than to sag into the shoals and lie pounding in the breakers —then there was nothing that could be done to help them. The head of the bay was hopeless; if the *Trinidad* and *Victoria* should run in, and be caught as the others had been, then all would be lost. It was impossible to launch a boat, or to land her through the surf if she should be launched. And on the following morning—the gale continuing—dense smoke was seen across the land where they had vanished, and added the apprehension of fire to that of stranding. This anxiety continued for a day and two nights.

Early in the morning of the second day the wind shifted and blew offshore. All at once the *San Antonio* and the *Concepcion* came flying around the point. They were ten miles away, but coming very

fast; they ran out beside the point of shoals and headed straight down the bay. They were carrying every rag of sail they owned: topsails, spritsails, mizzens, bonnets on the courses, crowding along like clouds, stamping over the long swells of the storm, thundering through white water, flying flags and banners from every truck. They were firing bombards. As they got nearer they cheered. The crews lined the rails, yelling like madmen, waving their caps. Serrano stood on his quarter deck. He ran the *Concepcion* down past the flagship's stern; she went plunging by, rolling thunder before her, flinging up her head in streamers of foam, lurching, reeling, wallowing, smoking through it in one tremendous dash, with everything cracking aloft—it was as if she were cheering, herself. Mezquita took the *San Antonio* through on the other side and rounded her up, surrounded by a halo of whistling spray, her canvas rumbling like volleying cannon, her banners snapping in the wind. Every one was cheering. They had found it. It was there. The strait was behind that point of land.

They made sail, all together, and reached back up the bay. The wakes still lay in the foam like paths to guide them. They passed the point of shoals, and the tide, rushing mightily through, caught their

scurrying keels and drove them to windward. There was a narrow place, with the wind humming down it; then a broad bay; then another narrows, and then a wide sound, leading South, under a range of broken hills, until it faded in misty distance. Already the daylight was nearly gone, and the fleet ran in behind an island on the northern side and anchored.

Magellan summoned his captains on board the *Trinidad*, and Serrano told the story of the discovery. They had gone up to the very head of the bay, risking everything, for a close inspection of the coast, but there was only a sudden turn in the shore, and no visible opening. They had hauled their wind to come back, forced to report another failure, when the shoal showed under their lee, with the current sweeping them down upon it. They had hung on desperately, pointing as high as they dared, to fetch out, yet keeping a good full to fight the tide. It was evident that they couldn't make it. It was a matter of seconds until they struck. They looked helplessly around them—and the coast astern, where they had thought there was no more than a sharp turn, opened up. Up helm, swing around, square yards, and run. They had seen the first and second narrows, and the bay between, and then they had anchored to wait

for a shift of wind. Men had been sent ashore to build fires, as a signal to the Captain-General.

As for going on, there could be no question of it. There was little doubt that this was the strait, which they had come so far to seek, and their achievement, and the rewards and the glory of it, were now within their reach. Moreover, each day was bringing summer nearer.

But there was a dissenting voice. Estaban Gomez, now Pilot in the *San Antonio*, wanted to go back to Spain. They had done what they set out to do, he said, and it would be the part of prudence to return now for another fleet, for their supplies were dangerously low and, if some bad fortune should overtake them in the South Sea, the ignominious result would be, simply, that they would have nothing to eat.

The Captain-General replied, "If we have to eat the leather on the yards, I will still go on and discover what I have promised the King, and I trust that God will aid us and give us good fortune."

There was no more to be said.

That night they saw many fires to the South, low down on the beach, and moving about on the water, and from this circumstance they called the country Tierra del Fuego.

The sound at whose head they lay extended towards the South, and halfway along it, on the eastern shore, a broad opening led into another. The Captain-General sent the *San Antonio* and the *Concepcion* to explore this eastern arm, while he, with the *Trinidad* and the *Victoria*, went South.

Fifty miles south of the anchorage the strait narrowed and turned West. The coast to port was much broken; one could not be certain which way to turn, or confident, indeed, of getting through at all. But a great cape appeared, a grand and savage thing, twelve hundred feet high, with swirling clouds about it—the end of the continent. It seemed an appropriate mark. Beyond it, the mountains piled up in fantastic confusion; weird crags that changed their aspects as the snow squalls passed across them, pinnacles that hung in the air as if they had been frozen in the act of leaping, glaciers and waterfalls, tortuous coasts that might have been crumbled in a furnace, with a mad and shouting wind, furious without sense or motive, like the insane voice of an uncompleted chaos. Straight through this the passage led away Northwest. The wind was ahead, and screaming; the ships beat up against it in a hundred tacks, back and forth from shore to shore, now gaining, now falling back, at times almost stripped

bare by the gusts swooping through the squalls. It was killing work at sheets and braces. The mountains stood around in a horrible sort of indifference, and under their lofty cliffs the most heroic efforts seemed no more than puny gestures. Twenty-five miles beyond the Cape they found a cove, with a little river running into it, and here they anchored. It was named the River of Sardines.

From this anchorage the Captain-General sent an expedition by boat to explore the length of the passage and to discover that cape—which they so much desired to see, which must exist somewhere—that was touched by the waters of the strait and the waters of the great South Sea. It was possible that the strait was very long and certainly to get the ships to windward was killing labor, and perhaps useless. All through the voyage there had been a great deal of waiting; it was especially hard to wait just here. But there was no help for it.

The boat returned. They had seen the desired cape. Cape Dezeado, they had called it. It lay about a hundred and twenty miles away, straight through to the Northwest. As for them, they were worn out.

It was good news that they brought, yet no one could rejoice. The strait itself had already been

found, and if the way through it to the South Sea was not in one direction, then it was in another. The uncertainty was gone. The certainty remained. And the crossing of the South Sea, now that it had come close, became a matter of grave importance, in comparison with which the dangers that were past seemed insignificant. The provisions were undeniably very low. The South Sea might be very broad. And—no matter; it must be crossed. There must be islands in it. . . .

A more immediate cause for anxiety turned the Captain-General's mind from the main chance: during five days of waiting at the River of Sardines there had been no sign of the *San Antonio* and the *Concepcion*. In some of those desperate bays, beset by hidden rocks and mill-race tides and spiteful winds, they might have found a way through to the South Sea. A hundred things might have happened; and in that country, in that weather, shipwreck was a matter of any moment's probability. They were long overdue. It was unendurable to wait, without knowing, and the Captain-General went back to look for them.

He found the *Concepcion* alone.

Serrano could report nothing of the *San Antonio*. At the very first she had outsailed him, and in the

thick weather he had lost sight of her. He had waited, and she had not come; he had gone on to explore the bay, as he had been ordered to do, and had not found her. There was nothing useful in the bay. He was still looking for her when the Captain-General found him, and he had seen no trace of her. She had utterly vanished.

The three ships went back together to their original anchorage in the straits, behind the island at the second narrows, searching, as they went, for signs of a wreck on shore. But they saw none, and the anchorage was deserted. The *Victoria* was ordered back to the entrance of the strait; she was to search every cove and examine every beach; if Captain Barbosa found nothing, he was to plant a banner on the shore in a conspicuous spot, and at its foot he was to bury an earthen pot containing a letter of instructions.

The *Victoria* went back to the Cape of the Eleven Thousand Virgins. There was no trace of the *San Antonio*. Captain Barbosa planted a banner with a letter on a little knoll in the first bay; another was set up at the island inside the second narrows. And then, very solemnly, the fleet got under way and struggled back to the River of Sardines.

The banners whipped to pieces in the wind, and

the standards rotted and fell. Estaban Gomez had taken the *San Antonio* back to Spain.

The situation had been grave before. It was critical now. The largest ship, with all her supplies, was gone. In resources, those that remained had comparatively nothing. The chances of failure were overwhelming. But courage was left, and loyalty. The Captain-General asked his captains if they were willing to go on. They were. He thanked them . . . he could not have gone on alone. . . .

Even then, they could not entirely give up the *San Antonio;* she might have missed the route, or misunderstood the instructions, or been blown to sea. They waited for her. But the conclusion was irresistible in the end. Make sail.

That navigation of the strait was a marvelous achievement. In all the years since 1520, the passage from Cape Virgins to the Pacific entrance, even by smart and able fore-and-afters, has rarely been attempted. And Magellan's ships were square-riggers, and of a type absolutely at its worst under these conditions. Indeed, Magellan Strait is the end of the earth. No portion of the world frequented by man has worse weather; there is no fine season, and winter and summer alike, snow, hail, rain, and wind are absent only for very brief periods;

every feature which can add difficulty and danger to navigation is here present in a superlative degree. Bold coasts, of a complexity utterly unknown elsewhere; passages so narrow that a lee shore is never more than five miles away, and is generally much nearer; water so deep that it is impossible to anchor, except too close to the shore for safety; sudden and violent squalls in which no ship is manageable and which no canvas can endure; an atmosphere too thick for visibility; submerged rocks and heavy overfalls and whirlpool currents—and, for these ships, no charts, no courses, no basis of experience; nothing but a blind decision of expediency, made in the last moment before disaster. But Magellan took them through. Not only did he take them through; he kept them within the strait for more than five weeks. The *Concepcion* cruised for a week in Useless Bay; the whole fleet twice made the passage between Elizabeth Island and Port San Miguel; and the *Victoria* went out to Cape Virgins and returned again.

On November 28, 1520, the three ships cleared Cape Dezeado and set a course Northwest into the great South Sea.

Chapter X

Of the voyage from Cape Dezeado to the Unfortunate Isles, and what happened on the way; of other islands, and very disastrous events; and how the men spent a pleasant Sunday.

The course Northward was like a flight. Literally, the ships ran for their lives. Where they were going, what difficulty lay before them, and how they were to meet it, what aim and object the whole voyage had—these were overwhelmed and forgotten in the one desire to escape from Patagonian weather. The Captain-General, indeed, did not lose sight of the main chance, but he deliberately put it from his mind, and devoted himself to the attainment of the immediate object. That starvation threatened them all was a thought that could not be long absent from his mind; that his invalid ships were laboring in waters where any ship would be in danger, was an urgent anxiety; the voyage was long, and it grew, in his imagination, as he considered it. But these things could wait their turn for attention. He was in the South Sea, bound for

the Spice Islands. The sea which was the road to the Spice Islands could not be like this for long.

He got a good offing from the coast—he had had enough of lee shores. Tradition had it that the West Coast of Santa Cruz trended to the northwestward—a conjecture purely, since the only portion of it that any man had ever seen lay more than three thousand miles away. But several days of sailing on a northerly course brought no land in sight. Accordingly, he held off a point, and made easting. By this, he lengthened his voyage, and challenged death to one more game—but he must find out something of the coast, of course. He had not entirely forgotten that he was an explorer, that it was his business to find out, and answer questions. Then one morning they sighted the tops of lofty mountains on the horizon between them and the sun. The West Coast of South America ran North and South. That was enough. Those snow-capped peaks were too close a reminder of the country they had left and could not warrant even one more day's delay. The course was altered to North Northwest again, and the fleet picked up and ran for summer.

Indeed, summer was there. With every mile the signs of it rose up around them like a blessing, and the past was forgotten. The big grey rushing seas,

pitted with driving rain, the sudden winds that shouted crazily and seemed to jump on the ships from a great height, the black cliffs and the jagged rocks with the surf at their feet, became no more than memories; they were things to trouble a man's sleep, perhaps, but were no longer in the world of realities. The sky cleared, and the sun went higher every day. The seas lost all look of malice, and rolled along majestically, with a wholesome and comforting disregard. They had reached the friendly latitudes at last, and the course was changed to Northwest, to cross the South Sea. "Mar Pacifico" they called it; there was no remotest possibility of any storm.

The men's spirits rose, and they began to look about them with a returning interest in life. Hour after hour they stood at the rail to watch the flying fish. In the cabin of the flagship Signor Pigafetta was busy doing what he could towards making the Patagonian language intelligible to those at home who would some day read of it. When he arranged his paper on the table and dipped his pen in the ink, Paulo the giant roused himself from his melancholy and said his lesson. He recited the names for the parts of his body which he touched, or of the objects around him in so far as he could have names for

them, or of the actions which he would imitate. Signor Pigafetta took up the crucifix and kissed it, looking inquiringly at Paulo, who immediately understood, and cried "Setebos!" But as the weather grew warmer Paulo's health declined, and he died, and the Patagonian vocabulary remained unfinished.

As the troubles of the past were thus fading into mere dim recollections, new troubles forced themselves upon the attention.

Certainly, a door was closed behind them. The men knew their Captain-General by now, and knew that he would not turn back. Even if he should be willing, every man in the fleet would rather die, where he was, without ever seeing Spain again, than face the Straits. They had found a way through, but they did not guess that there could be another; Tierra del Fuego, they thought, was a portion of an Antarctic continent; Le Maire Strait and Cape Horn were unknown to them. There was no endurable road except the road that lay before them. At times men thought of the *San Antonio*, which had escaped and gone back before it was too late, and in their minds they tried to balance treachery with the desire to live, and gave it up and looked to the future. They were embarked on the Pacific, come

what might, for better or for worse. And they had utterly no idea of its extent. They did not know how much remained for them to do. It helped not at all to measure each day's run; there was no "total distance" in the calculation. If it should require three weeks, they might, perhaps, endure it; if three months, they had not the faintest fighting chance. But perhaps the Captain-General knew.

The Captain-General could think of nothing else. In those old days in the Moluccas—days which seemed so remote, and yet had incredibly and vaguely come near again—he remembered the aspect of that sea, filled with islands. The peaks of mountains had been continually rising over the horizon, and it had never been more than a few days' sail to inhabited land; boats had passed continually—canoes merely, unfit for open water, making dashes, in pleasant weather, across inconsiderable reaches of sea. Francisco, when his ship was lost, had waited but a few days to be picked up. Captain Sequira had always been cautioning them, in night sailing, against the isles that sprang up suddenly, as if enchanted, in the path. No, no; there must be islands . . . soon. "Must be" indeed; for certainly they needed them.

The food was almost gone. The water was yellow, thick and stringy with unhealthy slime. They ate what they called biscuit; it was no more really than a disgusting powder, wriggling with worms and stinking of the urine of rats. Spread out on a board so that the worms could be picked out and then scraped together into little heaps. . . . But it could not be far to land, now.

Then came the scurvy. The causes of this disease, if set in a list, would be a list of the conditions in which Magellan's men had been living for ten months. A general decreased vitality; cold, raw, and changeable weather; overcrowded quarters; hard work; anxiety and nervous depression; a deficient and monotonous diet, meat improperly prepared or partly decomposed, a lack of fruit and vegetables; bad drinking water. They had been living precisely in this way. As for the things which would be necessary for a cure, or even for amelioration, they were the very things so hopelessly lacking. Rest, freedom from worry, a change of conditions, vegetables, vinegar, fresh fruit—these were what men dreamed of or raved of. Each day found more men who saw in themselves the horrid symptoms they had been observing in their companions. They asked one another if it was thus, and thus, that it

began, and knew the truth before they heard the answer.

There were hardly enough well men left in any watch to handle the ship. The strong did what they could, with the weak to help them. The helmsmen steered, unable to see what they were doing, from dizziness and fatigue, unable to make it seem important, from utter indifference. They worked at the pumps from time to time, and groaned, as they slammed the handles up and down, from the deadly boredom of it, and wondered dazedly why they took this trouble to keep the ship afloat. When an order was given to trim sail they stumbled to the sheets and hauled pitifully; the blood ran from the sick men's mouths, and they sank down; the rope escaped from the hands of the rest, and they struggled up, and hauled again. They stared at one another's white faces, and looked away, and did not speak. They dropped to the deck and lay like torpid reptiles, feeling each heart-beat a suffocating obstruction in the throat. They slunk into corners and prayed for death—and only one in twenty died.

The lookout at the masthead was on his knees on the floor of the top, clutching the railing in deadly terror of falling, trying to raise his head to watch the horizon. He reeled, under a reeling sky. He could

not think how he was ever to get down—and did not care. He straightened up weakly and looked ahead; he leaned over the railing of the top and shut his eyes, and in a thin, choked, trembling voice cried, "Land Ho!"

It was on the twenty-fourth of January, 1521, sixty-seven days from Cape Dezeado, in latitude 16° 15′ South, by the ship's account. A little island, with trees. The wind blew over it, and the surf rolled in upon it, and the sea-birds wheeled and screamed in the haze above the breakers. There was no other sign of life. The ships rounded up under the lee, and sounded, and got no bottom. It was not possible to anchor nor would there have been any reason to do so. The men looked across at one another and then at the island again; they could hear the trade wind in the trees, above the roll of surf, but some evil spirit of unreality had touched the place and made it useless. The flagship wore around and steered the course again. The men looked back, feeling that they watched the fading of a last chance.

On the fourth of February land was sighted again. During the intervening days the men had been lifted, to an imperceptible degree, from their despondency, by this increasing definiteness of possibilities.

Those who were least afflicted told the sick that there would not be much more waiting now; the sick hoped, simply, that it would come in time. In Magellan's mind the prospect was more definite. He had before him, always, the picture of the ocean as he conceived it, with his three ships drawing their track across the chart. He had imagined a broad expanse of empty ocean lying to the westward of the continent—it was broader, to be sure, than he or any other man had guessed—and beyond that, scattered widely at first, but then with increasing frequency, the South Sea Islands. Now he was coming to them; one had been found; here was another.

But this second isle was no better for starving men than the first. It was as small, and as barren, and except for the sharks that swarmed about it it was as dead. He named it Shark Island, "de los Tiburones." The first had been called St. Paul, since it had had a certain importance; but for this any name would do. It was one of those inconsiderable points of land, lost in the immensity of nowhere, created by some unstudied chance for a destiny of uselessness. It was enough for it if it had a name. He grouped the two together now and called them the Unfortunate Isles.

It had been no more than eleven days' sail between them, and this was a reassuring confirmation of his picture of the South Sea. If the fleet was now within the zone where the islands were close together, then all was well, and the voyage was nearly done. Actually, their arrival at the Moluccas seemed almost immanent; it was almost a shock to realize that he must soon begin planning for his first port of call.

The Moluccas were shown on the chart before him—a chart quite inadequate, badly warped as to longitude, filled with conjectural bearings and distances, and fading into blank parchment on its Eastern edge. He spread it on the table and studied the position. The fleet was in the latitude of the Moluccas now. Due West, over the curve of the world ahead, the Moluccas. It seemed incredible. Yet there were other considerations: it was not the shortest way to the Moluccas that must be thought of; it was the shortest way to useful land. Francisco had written that there was often a lack of ships' supplies at Ternate. And if there should be something wrong with the longitude—than which nothing was more likely—it was possible that the fleet would be within Portuguese territory before any suitable supplies could be obtained. If it should

be necessary to fight for food—Captain Sequira, by royal orders, was holding his fleet at Malacca—on whom was he to depend? His crews had not the strength of children. In all probability Don Manuel's men had long ago given him up for lost, considering that it was eighteen months since he had left Spain, but he could not be sure of this. Certainly he could not face an enemy. It would be more prudent to go farther North, in search of some nearer and surer land. China perhaps. Or some new country.

Nothing was more important than that the men should have rest. Somewhere, on the fringes of the Eastern World, he must find a quiet island where the monsoon in the palm trees and the eternal surf on the curving beach made life a progress of timeless days. He wanted no great nation of the East, no proud monarch of pomp and pageantry, but simple friendly savage people, for whom life meant food and sleep and laughter . . . they would come out in their canoes to meet the ships. . . . The men did not know. But he knew; he had been in the Islands. He kept on, West Northwest, and on the twelfth of February the fleet crossed the equator.

The men were doing nothing more than enduring

existence; they never thought of themselves as explorers now, or of any achievement that could give a meaning to their presence there; they kept on, just as Time kept on, and asked God for no more than that each day should pass. The sun rose blazing behind them, like a pursuing fire, and moved across the glaring sky in a long day of agonizing brightness; it went down into rolling waves of flame ahead, and left the sea in grateful darkness, under the friendly stars. The world was very wonderful and beautiful—and life was a curse. Up ahead, leading the way forever and forever, as steadfast as a star, was the yellow gleam of the flagship's swaying lantern. Perhaps the Captain-General knew.

There was no food now. They cut up planks in small pieces, and ate the sawdust. They ate boots, and bits of leather from the armor, and straps from swords and shields. They took the chafing gear from the yards and soaked it in the sea and broiled it on the coals and ate it. They ate rats; a man would pay half a ducat for a rat. A grotesque, fantastic sort of tragedy; men crawled in the holds, hunting for rats, and brought them up with a ferocious kind of exultation, and watched with glistening eyes the steam that rose from the pot. But the rats were starving, and there were never enough.

The men who were free from scurvy were none the less starving men. They tried to work the ship, when they were too weak to stand; they tried to care for the sick, when the sick disgusted them. Their comrades begged them for food, and there was no food. The sea around them was empty. The very monotony of it, and the monotony of their lives, made it seem that they had been caught in some intermediate state of half-existence, where there was no hope of any change. The water always growled beside the ships with the same sound, and the spreading bow wave always repeated the same shapes of tumbling foam. That the trades blew steadily was their only blessing; if they had been called upon to shorten sail they could not have done it, and a gale of wind would have killed them.

The scurvy was at its worst. The sick men's faces broke out in patches of brown and green, their ankles swelled to shapeless masses of pallid and pendulous skin, the fluid left the joints of their legs, so that they could not move. Their mouths were filled with bleeding ulcers, and the gums grew up in fleshy protuberances and covered their teeth. They screamed with pain, and ruptured the rotten membranes within them, and coughed up blood. They had no power of will. They made no effort to maintain

courage—courage had gone long ago. They lay motionless in their bunks and waited.

On the sixth of March, in latitude 16° North by the ship's account, the *Trinidad* fired a gun. Land was in sight on the starboard bow. Soon afterwards two more islands appeared to port. Distant blue hills, shimmering in the heat, rising above the blue sea. The sick men did not move, or speak. Land. That was good.

As they drew near the islands took shape; they could see surf on yellow beaches, and the forms of dark trees, and many boats, with brown sails, skimming along the shore, and houses, and then people, naked, black, shading their eyes with their hands, talking excitedly together, running back and forth, in and out of the huts, between the trees. Some of the boats stood off to meet them; when they came close they shifted their sails, passed the steering paddle forward to what had been the bow, and sailed back again without turning. The black men stared up at the ships and chattered; the Spaniards shouted to them, but they did not understand, and laughed, and showed their white teeth.

The ships ran into the bay and anchored in front of the huts. They were ninety-eight days from Cape Dezeado.

The natives climbed aboard at once, and ran about the decks like mischievous monkeys. The Captain-General ordered a boat to be launched, and the men set about it with an eagerness of spirit which far outran their strength; they managed to get it up onto the rail, and then dropped it overboard, promiscuously, among the clustering canoes. Then painfully, and very slowly, though they tried to hurry, they set about taking in sail. Ropes which had not been lifted from their pins for months were cast off and let go with a run; every well man, and some of the sick, tailed on the buntlines, and clewed up the courses; the topsails dropped and hung in great billowing bags; a few of the bravest ventured out to furl the spritsails. They tramped wearily from rope to rope, looking up often at the green warm shore, as if to assure themselves that it had not vanished, brushing through the natives who crowded close around them to see what was going on, pausing, at every turn, to take back some trifle that the blacks had seized and were carrying off—buckets, planks, knives, oars, odd coils of rope, rags of clothing, belaying pins, everything that was not actually fastened to the ship. Every one was in a panic of haste, cursing at his own fumbling slowness, impatient at the interruptions, heart-sick to get ashore.

At last, they were ready. The painter had been cut, and the boat was gone.

Nothing mattered, then. A broadside was fired, point-blank in the faces of the crowd on the beach. Before the rolling echoes died the canoes had scattered like frightened birds and the deep woods were filled with yelling running natives. Another boat was gotten over, and the men went ashore.

They stepped out on the sand into a complete and stagnant silence. They went from one to another of the deserted huts, cautiously raising the mats that hung in the doorways, peering into the dark interiors. They found bananas and ate them, though they had never seen them before, and thought them figs. They came upon large stores of cocoanuts, and gnawed ravenously as they went about the work of loading the boats. Seven of the inhabitants came back to the village; they were killed out-of-hand by whomever happened to be nearest, and the search for food was hardly interrupted. The stolen boat was recovered, and several loads of cocoanuts and bananas and sugar-cane and dried flying fish were taken aboard each ship. A pig was found, asleep in the dust, and they took it with them in great contentment. Then fifty houses were set afire, and the fleet sailed at once.

As soon as they were under way the natives appeared again, and a hundred canoes pushed out and followed, skimming as swiftly as swallows, sailing circles and figures-of-eight around the ships, cutting under the painters of the towing boats. Though their seamanship was admirable, no one gave them much attention. A few stones were flung at the ships, and some women wailed for the dead, and then one by one the canoes dropped back and steered away for the faint blue hills astern. The group was named the "Robbers' Isles," the Ladrones. In the morning they were out of sight, and it was long before any explorer visited them again.

Now that the needs of mere existence had been satisfied, some of the requirements of life, which had been crushed down beyond survival, came once more into being. The men began to sit up more bravely, to speak with a certain pride and assurance, and to assert, by their demeanor, that they had something to do in the world. Indeed, they had already done more than other men. The dangers through which they had lived were not unique, nor had they endured them in a manner all their own, but the cause, their aim and their achievement, was different, for the voyage that lay behind them was the longest in all history. The importance, the significance, of their

purpose, lay in the fact that they had effected it.

The Captain-General stood at the doorway of victory. It could be but a few days until he should arrive at the islands for which he had set out. His ability to recognize his surroundings, however bare of details, his instinct for sensing in what part of the world he was, the very air he breathed, told him that he was nearly there. He was entering new seas, North of the Moluccas, within the limits of the territory which he had promised King Charles to explore. He had come to the other side of the world and was within his chosen field. Soon he would raise land—new land, almost certainly—and there he would rest his men and set to work.

Just before sunrise on Saturday, the sixteenth of March, the land appeared. It was very high and extended over a wide angle of the horizon; accustomed as they were to minute specks of earth in boundless seas, it seemed to be of continental proportions. It was a perfect confirmation of his hopes. But when a small island, obviously uninhabited, appeared to starboard, he steered for it and anchored in a quiet cove. An odor of spices came from the land, and the pleasant noise of rustling leaves; the sound of the surf on the windward shore was only a faint dull roar, like a background of monotony

which made more keen the silence and the peace. This was the very place.

The high land was Samar, of the Philippines.

On the beach, two tents were built of sails and palm trunks, and the sick men, brought carefully ashore, stretched themselves gratefully on the sand in a cool and breezy shade. The rest explored the island and found good water. That night, the pig from the Ladrones was killed.

So Sunday passed.

On Monday morning a sail was sighted in the offing, headed straight in for the anchored ships. The Captain-General gave orders that no one should move or speak without his permission. The boat came into the beach, and nine men landed, and came directly to where Magellan stood. They made signs of welcome. Five, very ornately dressed, indicated that they would wait, and the rest took the boat and went along shore to the North, whence they presently returned, bringing others, who had been fishing. Their attitude of hospitality was unmistakable, and the Captain-General saw that he had to deal with reasonable men.

He caused red caps and bells and mirrors and ivory to be given them, and they, with gestures of apology that they had brought no better gifts,

offered the fish which they had caught and a jar of palm wine. He showed them the sick men in the tents, and they nodded, and spoke briefly among themselves. They again expressed their regret that they were thus empty-handed, and indicated that they would come again within four days. Then they embarked and sailed rapidly into the West whence they had come.

Chapter XI

Of the Kings who were in that discovered archipelago, and in what manner they received Magellan and his men; how they took different names, and accepted a new idea of life; of a minor rebellion and the miserable result of it.

Every day the Captain-General went ashore to visit the sick; he knelt beside each man and gave him cocoanut milk to drink, and assured them all that their troubles were over, since they had now reached the countries of which he had told them. The men's health improved, with the rest and the fresh food, and, having their Commander's personal attention, their courage came back to them; they lost that sense of being no more than miserable struggling atoms in an immense world of hostile indifference, and became again Spanish explorers. They got life in front of them again, and drove it along.

It may have been no more than the contrast with the men of the Ladrones that started the idea, but at any rate they became convinced that they were now among real people. As they thought of the visitors of Monday, their deft natural courtesy of manner,

their attitude of respectful cordiality, it was evident to all of them that the Captain-General's words had not been merely something to cheer them; they had passed over the boundary of savagery, and had come within the territory of that romantic Eastern civilization, the pursuit of which had brought them around the world.

On Thursday the visitors returned. A chief was with them; a venerable man, marvelously tattooed all over his body, and wearing earrings and bracelets of gold; he gravely bade them welcome, and told them, as well as he could with signs, that the significant and important portion of his country lay farther to the West, where there were many islands and many powerful kings. He brought two canoe loads of cocoanuts and oranges and palm wine, and, as a special mark, a native cock; these were hardly worthy gifts—his manner said it—but these were the things which his country produced. They had spices in plenty, and—touching his bracelets—gold. He was taken aboard the ships, with his men, and they were greatly interested in everything, thought the broadside which was fired for them was somewhat terrifying, causing the chief to grip tight to his dignity, and even disposing some of the men to jump overboard. They gratefully received the pres-

ents which the Captain-General offered them, and, saying farewell with great grace and neatness, they departed.

On Monday, the twenty-fifth of March, the tents were taken down, the sick men were brought aboard again, and the ships got under way.

As they were leaving the anchorage Signor Pigafetta fell overboard. He had been standing on a spare spar which was lashed inside the rail, and, the wood being wet, he had slipped and lost his balance. No one saw him fall. He shouted, but no one heard him. His situation was critical; ten seconds more, and he would be alone in the Pacific; the ship was moving slowly away. But—the wind being light—the main sheet was trailing in the water, and he clutched it, just as it was passing him. He yelled again, and they heard him and dragged him aboard.

The ships sailed southwest between the islands. On Wednesday night a fire was seen on the shore, off to the westward, and in the morning, seeing further signs of settlement, they stood in to the coast and anchored. A canoe, with eight men, came out to meet them, and lay idly floating, watching the ships furl their sails.

The Captain-General suddenly remembered his

slave, Henrique de Malacca—"Malacca Henry"—and called him, and told him to speak to the men in Malay. Henry did so. The men understood and answered. A few words of Malay, understood. The connotations, the logical inferences, of this trifling fact, were tremendous.

The chief was invited aboard, but declined. A few gifts, including one of the inevitable red caps, were floated over to him on a board; he received the things with evident gratitude, and said that he would go to tell his King of the ships' arrival. The country, he said, was called Masaua. Henry spoke to him, and said that the Captain-General would be pleased to have him come aboard. He declined, but sent some of his men. They brought a basket of ginger, and a large bar of gold, which they offered as gifts, but the Captain-General would not accept the gold. They said that it would be quite possible to anchor the ships nearer to the beach, in front of the houses, which, accordingly, the Captain-General caused to be done, and after a very brief visit they went ashore.

On Friday morning Henry was sent ashore to the King to say that the Spaniards came in friendship, and seeking friendship; that they needed food, and hoped for his Majesty's permission to purchase it.

The King took an escort of eight men and came aboard the *Trinidad* at once.

He embraced the Captain-General. Then he ordered his presents to be brought forward: three large porcelain jars of rice, a quantity of dried fish, and other things. The Captain-General gave him a robe of red and yellow, made in the Turkish fashion, exceedingly becoming, and a very fine red hat; he gave mirrors and knives to the King's men. Out of consideration for the Captain-General's message the King had brought refreshments with him; the meal was served in the native fashion, and the two partook of it together. Magellan renewed his assurances of friendship, and said that he wished the King to consider him as a brother. The King replied that this was his wish, also, and the impressive ceremony of *casi-casi* was duly performed: each pricked his flesh, and tasted the blood of the other.

Magellan then told of Europe. Henry, as interpreter, hardly needed prompting on this subject; he had been eight years in Spain, and in his own way, well knowing what would be impressive to the King, he set forth something of the external aspects of European civilization as he had seen it. He told of the fights at Malacca, and how the spears of thousands of warriors had been defeated by the

Christian soldiers and how they had sailed away in great ships that trod the path that leads to the sun; he told of the marvelous and great city of Seville and the houses as high as the hills, which no fire could harm; of the impressive dignity of the Bishop of Burgos, who wore robes of magic, and sat in a throne which creaked when he moved; of the dazzling, the unbelievable, splendor of the Court of Don Carlos, King, by the Grace of God, of Spain. He told how the ships had sailed again along the path that led to the sun; and of the vastness of the sea, which was like the linking of long generations of men; and of the fortitude and endurance of men who had sailed through a world that was like the depths of the ocean; he tried to explain snow, and gave it up, and made a simple gesture of praise towards his lord and master, the Captain-General, who sat gravely watching him while he spoke.

Then Magellan ordered a man to dress in complete armor and stand out on deck while three others attacked him with swords and daggers; the man made no effort to defend himself, and allowed the keen steel to rattle harmlessly around him until the word was given; then he raised his visor and showed himself unhurt and smiling. The King was mightily impressed. Magellan pointed out to him

that one such invulnerable man was worth a round hundred of the King's own warriors, and the King was obliged to confess that it was true. The ship's company was then armed, and a review was held. The armor was brought to the King, and its details explained to him, and he was shown the weapons. Then they went to the quarterdeck, where Magellan explained the properties and uses of the compass, and traced on the chart the course of his fleet in its voyage from Spain. The King was astonished at the size of the Pacific, and the number of days, without any land at all, which had passed while the ships were crossing it.

The Captain-General then asked if he might send some of his men ashore to learn something of the country of Masaua. The King would be most pleased, and departed at once to arrange for his guests' reception. Two men were sent, one of whom was Signor Pigafetta.

The King came to meet them at the beach, and offered them the ceremonial greeting: he raised his clasped hands toward the sky, and then toward them. They made the same gestures. The King then took them by their hands and led them to his boat house, where they sat in the stern of the great canoe, with the King's men, armed with spears,

swords, daggers and wooden shields, standing in a circle around them.

The servants brought in a great dish of roast pork and jars of palm wine. Now this was on Good Friday, and Signor Pigafetta was reluctant to taste meat, but there was nothing else to eat, and he was reluctant also to offend the King's hospitality by a refusal, the more so when he discovered that the repast was in reality a banquet in his honor. Indeed, the King's hospitality had another disquieting feature: it appeared to be the custom to drink a cup of wine with every bite of meat; as soon as the cup was set down the servants refilled it. The wine was perfectly colorless, but full of fire, and the ultimate result was easy to foresee. He tried the expedient of leaving something in the cup, with the idea that this would decrease the total quantity—but what was left was promptly poured out into a jar set aside for the purpose, and the full cup was again placed before him.

The method of pledging was this, as Signor Pigafetta subsequently wrote it: "Before the King took the cup to drink, he raised his clasped hands toward the sky, and then toward me; and when he was about to drink he extended the fist of his left hand toward me (at first I thought that he was going to strike

me), and then drank. I did the same toward the King."

The meal finally being finished, Signor Pigafetta became very active. He produced a quill, an inkhorn, and several sheets of paper, and set himself to write down the names of everything about him. The natives were astonished to see him covering the paper with his fine neat writing, and to hear him, when he had completed his list, read off, as if by an amazing facility of memory, their own words.

It seemed to him that supper was served almost immediately after dinner. There was pork and rice, and, of course, palm wine, which was drunk with the same ceremonies, and in the same quantities, as before. Then the King conducted them to his palace, leading them, again, by their hands, which was an attention they gratefully accepted.

The palace was a large, somber, airy structure, thatched with palm leaves on a great peaked roof as high as a hay-loft, with a plank floor raised on posts above the level of the surrounding ground, and reached by a large number of swaying ladders which were very difficult to climb. Within, there was a large treasure of bamboo mats, on which they sat, cross-legged, like tailors. Roast fish, with ginger and palm wine, was set before them, and they were pre-

sented to a Prince, the King's eldest son, whose health they drank with great cordiality, but with failing perception. The King presently excused himself and retired for the night. Signor Pigafetta managed to hold up his head while the Prince prepared a bed of mats for him, but his companion could not wait, and slept very peacefully on such mats as happened to be beneath him.

At dawn the King returned, and took them to his boat house, where breakfast was prepared, but a boat from the flagship came to get them just at this juncture, and they went aboard. At parting, Signor Pigafetta kissed the King's hand.

On Sunday, the thirty-first of March, the Captain-General sent a priest ashore to prepare a place in which Mass might be said, and sent Henry to the King to inform him that this day, which was called Easter among them, was sacred, and that they would perform the ceremonies appropriate to the occasion, at which the pleasure of the King's presence was requested. The King replied that he would come, with great pleasure, and, very naturally, he sent a gift of two pigs.

Fifty men landed from the fleet, fully armed, and dressed with particular care, and as the boats touched the sand six bombards fired a salute. The King of

Masaua and his brother, who was visiting him—he was a very good-looking man, elaborately dressed, and he had three spots of gold in each of his teeth—embraced the Captain-General and placed themselves on either side of him. In marching order, they proceeded to the consecrated spot; the Captain-General sprinkled the two Kings with musk water, and led them forward.

With bared heads, the men knelt on the sand. The straight brown trunks of the palm trees stood around like the columns of a choir; through the dark leaves the yellow sunlight fell in moving splashes on the vestments of the priest. The two Kings advanced to kiss the cross, and remained kneeling, with clasped hands, before the altar. The people of the village stood at a respectful distance, watching breathlessly, their eyes bright with excitement. There was no sound but the voice of the priest; not a leaf stirred in the green forest. When the host was elevated, an arquebus was fired, as a signal, and the three ships in the anchorage discharged a rolling broadside that shook the sky.

A large wooden cross had been built, and was standing ready; the Kings, as they came from Mass, recognized the symbol, and made reverence before it. The Captain-General said that his King, Don

Carlos, had ordered him to set up this cross; it should be placed at the top of the island's highest hill, so that when other Christians came they would know that he had been there, and if any native should ever be taken a prisoner he would be immediately released at sight of it; no thunder or lightning or storms would harm them, he said, while that cross stood. The Kings thanked him and said that they would most willingly set up the cross wherever he should direct.

Being questioned in the matter, they said that they worshiped nothing, but raised their clasped hands toward the sky, and that their idols were for them symbols of their God Abba. They wished to express, but had no words to do so, their great love of the Captain-General. Magellan asked them if they were at war with any one, for he would be glad to lend his aid. The King of Masaua replied that he was, indeed, at war with the people of some neighboring islands, but that this was not the season to attack them. Magellan said that if God should be so good as to let him come again he would come with a great force of men, and defeat the King's enemies, and thus show forth his friendship.

In the afternoon they went to the top of the highest hill and set up the cross. It stood against the

sky. The two Kings knelt before it while a Pater Noster was said.

As they were coming back through the fields, Magellan said that he could not remain longer in Masaua; he spoke again of his lack of supplies, and asked the King where, in the archipelago, he had best go. The King mentioned Cebu as the likeliest place; if they would be willing to wait for three days, he said, until he should have harvested his rice, he would go with them to guide them. This was acceptable, and on the fourth day the fleet got under way, with the King of Masaua, in his canoe leading them northwesterly among the islands.

The ships were too fast for the King's paddlers, and they waited for him, and took him aboard the *Trinidad*. On the seventh of April they arrived at Cebu. The flags were flying, and as the ships anchored in front of a considerable town, which was built, for the most part, on piles over the water, a broadside was fired. The people came to the doorways of the houses, and stood staring.

Henry was sent ashore with a message to the King. He went straight to the King's house, where, surrounded by his men, the King was engaged in conversation with a foreigner; Henry recognized the foreigner at once as a trader from Siam, and eyed

him narrowly. The King was the first to speak: who was this who came with so much noise, and whence and why? The Captain-General of the greatest King in the world, Henry answered, bound for the Moluccas: he had had good reports of Cebu, and had come to pay his respects, and to buy food. This was satisfactory, the King replied, but the Captain-General would, of course, pay him tribute? A junk had recently come from Siam; she was gone now, but had left this trader behind her as an agent; she had paid tribute, and so, of course . . . The Captain-General of the greatest King in the world, Henry said, paid tribute to no one. If the King of Cebu wanted peace, he might have peace; if he wanted war, he might have war.

The trader of Siam stepped forward. "O King, be watchful!" he said. "These are the same men who have conquered Calicut, and Malacca, and the whole of India. If they are treated well, they will give good treatment; if they are treated ill, they give ill, and worse, as they have done to Calicut and to Malacca."

Fortunately, this was said in Malay. Henry replied. He said that the men to whom the trader of Siam was referring were Portuguese, not Spaniards; his Captain-General was from Spain, and

King Charles was the King of all Christian men everywhere.

The trader of Siam could say nothing, never having heard of Spain. The King of Cebu said that he would consult with his men and would give the Captain-General an answer on the following day. Refreshments were offered Henry, and he withdrew.

When Henry reported what he had done, it was plain that, though he had managed very well the unforeseen diplomatic situation, the developments of the future must not be left to his impulsive oratory. Accordingly, when the time came to hear the King's answer on the following day, the *Trinidad's* Notary was sent as plenipotentiary embassador, and Henry resumed the rôle of interpreter.

They found the King seated on the ground in an open space in the center of the town, with his chiefs about him. He asked if there was more than one Captain-General in the fleet, and if he, or they, expected tribute? The Notary told Henry to say that there was only one Captain-General, and that he expected no tribute; he had come to purchase provisions. The King replied that this was well; it had reached his ears, he said, that the Captain-General was a blood-brother of the King of Masaua;

would the Captain-General be disposed to perform the same ceremony with him? The Notary told Henry to say that the Captain-General would be proud to call the King of Cebu his brother. The King said that presents must be exchanged, but that he did not know whether he should make the first gift or leave that privilege to the Captain-General. The Notary told Henry to say that since it was the custom of the country, the King of the country should begin it.

The King of Masaua went ashore with the intention of explaining matters to the King of Cebu, but he fell into conversation with the trader of Siam instead, and became so confused in respect to the distinction between Spain and Portugal that he brought the trader of Siam back with him for enlightenment by the Captain-General himself. However, he had seen the King, also, and brought word that a great quantity of food was being collected for the fleet, and that a delegation of chiefs would come to the flagship in the afternoon for the purpose of making a treaty of peace.

The Captain-General dealt very directly with the trader of Siam; he dressed a man in his own armor—which was a complete suit of plate—and said that his men fought always in such accoutrements. The

trader of Siam, whose recollections of the Portuguese told him that they wore only helmets and breastplates, was duly impressed. Magellan showed him a sword, and told him that their weapons were soft for their friends, but hard and sharp—as sharp as this—for their enemies. This was intended for the attention of the King of Cebú, whom, indeed, it reached, but the trader of Siam took no further part in the diplomatic negotiations, and offered no further explanations of the power of Spain or the baneful dangers of Portugal.

In the afternoon there arrived on board the flagship the Prince of Cebu, who was the King's nephew, the Governor, the Head Constable, the trader of Siam, and eight chiefs. The King of Masaua was also present. Magellan brought chairs for the important men, and mats for the chiefs. He himself, wearing the insignia of the Order of Santiago, sat in a chair of crimson velvet; his officers stood about him; his men were drawn up in military array, the bright sun glinting on their helmets; the royal standard floated above them. The shady shores, the broad hot sea, the glaring empty sky, the whole world, was wrapped in drowsy silence.

Magellan asked if it was the custom among them

to arrive at covenants openly, or in secret, and if they who had come were empowered to make peace for the King. They answered that their covenants were made openly, and that they were fully empowered; the Prince was the heir to the throne, and —his parents being old, and hardly worthy of honor—he was the first man among them, save their King. The Captain-General prayed to God to hear and confirm the covenant between them. The Prince said that he had never before heard such beautiful words, but that he took great pleasure in them.

The Captain-General then told them, through the interpretation of Henry, that it was one of the commands of their God that they honor their parents, the more so when they had become old. Their first parents were Adam and Eve, whom God had created; God had created the earth and the heavens and the sea, and had given to men an immortal spirit.

The men of Cebu asked if two men might be left with them to instruct them in such matters, or, if two could not be spared, that one should stay to teach them, and they promised that he should have great honor among them. Magellan could not leave men behind him now, he said, but when he came

again he would bring priests and friars, who should stay with them; if they wished to become Christians, they could be baptized at once, but they must not become Christians through fear, or through any wish to please him, but of their own free will; he would never harm any man who retained the faith of his fathers, though his relations with men who were not Christians would, of course, be less friendly. If the King of Cebu should become a Christian, he would give him a suit of armor.

The men of Cebu answered that they could not adequately reply to these beautiful words, nor express their love for him, but that they were convinced that whatever he told them to do was right for them to do, and they placed themselves in his hands.

The Captain-General then rose and took the hands of the Prince between his own. "By my faith in God, and to my Sovereign King Charles, and by this habit which I wear, I promise you, now and forever, peace with Spain." This oath was repeated for the King of Masaua, with the same ceremony, and he and the Prince of Cebu made similar declarations for themselves.

The gifts which the King had sent were then brought up from the canoe which was waiting: rice,

goats, pigs, and fowls; the Prince was sorry that he could offer nothing but these. The Captain-General gave the Prince a piece of very fine white linen, a red cap, a quantity of beads, and—a special treasure, in which the Prince expressed unending delight—a gilded drinking cup of glass. The other men of Cebu were given knives and mirrors. Then he had brought a robe of yellow and violet silk, made in the Turkish fashion, a very fine red hat, some beads, and two glass drinking cups; he heaped these things together in a silver dish, and gave them to Signor Pigafetta to present to the King of Cebu.

The whole company went together to the King's house. He was seated on a mat on the floor, with his retinue about him; he was elaborately tattooed, and wore a scarf of embroidered silk, and his earrings and bracelets, of heavy gold, were set with precious stones. He saluted them with that simple gesture, like a benediction, which had now become so familiar.

Henry said that the Captain-General returned warm thanks for the things which had been sent him, and offered these gifts not in return, but out of love and friendship. Signor Pigafetta placed the silver dish at the King's feet. He dressed him in

the gorgeous robe and placed the hat upon his head; he kissed the beads, and put them around the King's neck, and the King, looking down at them, raised them and kissed them also. He received the glass cups with special pleasure; never in his life had he seen anything so exquisite. His men then told him what the Captain-General had said of Christianity, and he listened in silent attention, and said at the end, as they had said, that these were beautiful words.

He urged Signor Pigafetta to remain with him for dinner, but large jars of palm wine stood back in the shadows behind the King's seat, and Signor Pigafetta excused himself and withdrew.

The Prince accompanied him when he left and prevailed upon him to visit his own house. He summoned four young girl musicians. The first had a kettledrum; the second held a small bell in either hand and struck them one against the other; the third had two Chinese gongs, of different sizes, which she struck, alternately or at once, with a stick thickly wrapped with palm cloth; the fourth wrought deep throbbing notes with a greater gong. Their music had a quality of surprising sweetness and harmony; the girls, moreover, were very beau-

tiful, and beautifully dressed. The Prince then brought in two more young girls, who danced very prettily while the others played.

The King placed a house at the fleet's disposal, and took it, together with the men whom the Captain-General put in charge of it, under his own special protection. A great quantity of merchandise was brought ashore and offered for barter. The natives came in enormous crowds, and brought a large amount of produce, especially gold, when they learned that gold would buy more than other things. The traders, indeed, soon began to reject other things, and ask only for gold, which was brought to them willingly, and in great quantity, but the Captain-General, fearing that the trade of the islands would be ruined forever by this thirsty specialization, forbade it. The traffic continued for several days, until the ships were supplied with everything which was required, and which the resources of the country could furnish.

Meanwhile, the King had been consulting with his chiefs in respect to Christianity. They had all been deeply moved by the sincerity and enthusiasm of the Captain-General, and by the inspiration which he had given them in what he had said, as well as in the ceremonies which they had witnessed. More-

over, they sensed a vague, but somehow far-reaching, advantage to themselves in the fact that there was a cross on the hilltop in Masaua. They agreed—with the exception of one chief—that they themselves, and all their people, should be baptized, and this decision they communicated to the Captain-General.

He asked about the exception. The King replied that Chilapulapu, Chief of the people of a small island near Cebu, would have none of the new idea, and had refused to let his people become Christians. Magellan asked if this was a result of a discussion, or if Chilapulapu had refused to obey a command. The King replied that he had refused to obey a command. The Captain-General promptly sent men to burn the village, and a cross was set in the ruins.

A platform was built in the open space in the center of the town, hung with curtains and adorned with palm leaves. The Captain-General sent word that all who obeyed their King would be baptized on the following day, and told the King also that he need not be alarmed at the sound of cannon, since this was their custom.

On Sunday, the fourteenth of April, the boats came in from the fleet, and as the men stepped out

on the beach the ships fired a salute; two men, completely armed, marched ahead, guarding the royal standard; the Captain-General was clothed all in white. The entire population of the town followed, in an excited mob of men, women, and children, for nothing so great as this event had ever before come into their lives. So they passed slowly through the town, past the thatched houses, under the tall shadow of the palms, gathering more people behind them as they went.

The King was waiting in the Square. He embraced the Captain-General, and together they went to the platform, where two chairs of red and violet velvet had been placed for them. The Captain-General then gave thanks to God for the King's conversion. A cross was set up in the square, facing the platform, and the people were instructed to destroy all their idols, and to come each hour of the day to pray, with clasped hands, before the cross. The King asked again that two men might be left to instruct his people, and Magellan promised them, and requested permission to take back to Spain with him two children, so that they might learn the language, and return for better service to their people.

He showed them how to make the sign of the cross, and bade them kneel. The King of Cebu was

baptized "King Charles"; the Prince followed; then the King of Masaua; then all the chiefs save that one who was not present. Enthusiasm spread through the crowd like fire; at first singly, then by twos and threes, and then in groups, they flung themselves forward on their knees, begging for baptism and a Christian name. When noon came, many were still waiting, while those who had been baptized had gone to pray, with vague happiness, at the foot of the cross.

The King invited the Captain-General to dinner, but he declined, and they went together to the shore. As the boats pushed off the guns spoke again with long echoes of rumbling thunder.

In the afternoon the Queen came to the platform. She was young and beautiful, her mouth and nails stained red, clothed from head to feet in a robe of black and white cloth, wearing a palm leaf hat as broad as a parasol. The women who attended her wore scarves on their heads, and carried in their hands hats such as the Queen wore. She was baptized "Juana." She was shown a Virgin and Child, and asked if she might have it, "in place of the idols," and Magellan gave it to her, and told her that the child Jesus was "in memory of the Son of God." Men, women, and children, more than thir-

teen hundred people were baptized on that first day, and during the succeeding week they came by thousands, even from the remotest parts of the island, until the entire population of Cebu had accepted the Christian faith.

The chair of red velvet was presented to the King, who said, with his thanks, that he had given orders for some gold earrings and bracelets, set with jewels, as a gift for the Captain-General.

The idols had not been destroyed. When the Captain-General asked the reason for this, the King sent for some of the Chiefs, and was told that it was not for themselves that the people had preserved the idols, but for the man who was sick, the King's brother, whom the idols were protecting. Magellan told the King that the sick man had only to believe in Christ to be saved; he would baptize him, he said, and if he were not made well at once, he would gladly forfeit his own life. A small company accordingly went to the sick man's house. He lay almost in coma, and had not moved nor spoken during four days. He was baptized. Henry then asked him if he was not better, and he answered that, by the Grace of God, he felt quite well again. The Captain-General sent him some almond milk, a mattress, some sheets, a yellow coverlet and a pillow,

and within five days he had entirely recovered his strength. He destroyed the idol in his own house, and many others which stood along the shore; more people joined him, and a growing crowd rushed from one to another of the shrines with frantic zeal, tearing down the images which had stood longer than any man among them could remember, and shouting, as they beat the wooden figures to pieces, "Castile! Castile!"

So matters stood in the Philippines.

There had been a quality of incredibility in the progress of events, an airy and fantastic kind of magic—the magic which is the East; the East which, here in this case preëminently, had been touched by change. No one who knew the East could have dreamed of this in his most romantic imaginings of dim and improbable adventures, or could have hoped that this much of the dominant aim of the age could thus be attained. No one of experience could have avoided skepticism unless he hoped against chance that there could be a man of such iron will and so passionate a conviction that he could force the whole trend of the world to obey him and bring such things to pass. No more than seven weeks before, the fleet had been at the Ladrones; the game had not been worth playing out, and the vast world,

the obstinate processes of time, were too massive to be moved or changed. A week previous to that, they had despaired of life, and had been fighting death with bare hands. And now, somehow, in spite of themselves, they had gone through with it. They did not "stand firm"; rather, they failed and lost courage and abandoned faith and gave up everything and tried to get away; indeed, they had been where they could reach up to touch bottom. But they had come through. The very maw of despair had flung them out into life again, and left them. And now this had happened. For the Captain-General did stand firm.

On Friday, the twenty-sixth of April, there came to the flagship a man from Mactan. He was the son of one of the minor chiefs who ruled precariously under Chilapulapu. His father sent these goats as a gift. He would have sent worthier presents, but it was difficult to elude the chief's watchfulness. For Chilapulapu, whose village had been burned, was still rebellious; he defied the King of Cebu, and promised himself to destroy all those who would become Christians. If the Captain-General would help him, if he would send one boat of fighting men that night, he did not doubt that he could break the rebellion and restore unanimous

tranquillity. He pledged his loyalty; he could not stay.

The officers and Signor Pigafetta begged the Captain-General not to go. "But he, like a good shepherd, refused to abandon his flock." The King of Cebu was his friend, whom he had promised to help, and his promises were not mere empty words. He would not leave behind him a rebellion which he himself, by bringing Christianity, had begun. That would be leaving Cebu worse than he had found it. Choose sixty men.

At midnight, sixty men, armed, wearing helmets and corslets, set out in three boats. The King of Cebu was with them, the Prince, the trader of Siam, and about a thousand men, in thirty canoes. They paddled quietly to Mactan, and arrived three hours before dawn.

The Captain-General sent the trader of Siam with a message to Chilapulapu: if he would submit to his King and to Spain, they might be friends. The answer was a quick defiance: "We also have spears."

A barrier reef ran along the shore, and the boats could not come near the land. The Captain-General ordered the King of Cebu to remain in his canoes with his men; he had no need of them; they

would see how Spaniards could fight. Then, just at dawn, the boats pulled in to the reef, and forty-nine men waded through the shallow water a distance of more than two crossbow shots to the beach; eleven remained to guard the boats. The King, feeling now a splendid confidence, and now a fearful apprehension, looked on.

Chilapulapu had fifteen hundred men, split into three divisions. They caught sight of the little group coming boldly up from the shore, and advanced, in a long straggling half circle. They yelled as they came, brandishing their spears.

The crossbowmen fired at long range; their arrows made a flying hedge in the air, and kept the enemy back. But from the Mactan ranks now one, and now another, in impatience and growing daring, burst forth within range. The arrows stuck in the wooden shields and hung as if caught in flight. The line swayed forward, shouting. The Captain-General shouted, "Cease firing!" again and again; he saw that he must let them come close and fight them hand to hand. But something like panic had taken the Spaniards—the long bristling line was before them, on three sides, and the sea was at their backs. They ignored the command and fired incessantly, unable to think of anything but immediate defense;

they stood in two groups, facing obliquely outward, standing almost back to back.

Some were ordered to set fire to the houses in the village; they broke away along the beach in a little cloud of running men. Two fell. The rest reached the houses, and the flames leaped. The savages howled like demons. The Spaniards stood in the center of a great ring; across the encircling open space the spears and arrows flew in showers; spears tipped with steel, bamboo arrows with sharks' teeth heads, stakes sharpened and hardened in fire, stones, mud, clods. They flung everything their whirling fingers clutched. They leaped about, so that it was impossible to hit any one man; they dodged arrows with wild agility, flinging up their long shields to catch the spears, screaming in insane rage, and always closing in.

The Captain-General was hit in the leg with a poisoned arrow; he struck it out with his hand. A spear knocked off his helmet; he stooped and caught it up again. The men around him wavered; a sudden wave of indecision stayed their hands; their fire slackened. It was hopeless. He gave the order to retire.

A well-ordered and careful retreat would have saved every man. But they turned and fled with

a rush, floundering through the water, looking back only to see that they were not pursued, flinging away the weapons that impeded them, thinking only to escape. Six men stood by the Captain-General alone. And the men of Mactan charged.

The ranks closed in as the circle narrowed; the men in the rear struggled for places in the front rank, jumping over, crawling through, circling in. They snatched up the same spears and hurled them again and again; the air was thick with missiles, caught up and hurled madly, without aim; the swarming line exploded in a seething tumult, spouting forth weapons like a bursting fire. Seven men were in the center of it. They bowed their heads and held up their shields before their faces and fought blindly. They drew closer together and fell back and waded into the water behind them.

A spear took off the Captain-General's helmet again; he snatched it up before it sank and whirled a quick glance over his shoulder to see if the men had reached the boats. A naked warrior rushed at him and flung a spear in his face; he lunged with his own lance and left it in the man's chest. He tried to draw his sword, but his right arm was useless from a wound, and the blade stuck in the scabbard. They leaped upon him, seeing his defense-

lessness. They forgot the others, and themselves; they flung forward in a wild tangle, twenty at a time, on one man alone. One of them struck him in the leg with a scimitar, and he fell. Signor Pigafetta tried to catch him in his arms as he went down, but failed. The savages stabbed down through the riled water with spears and swords.

The rest gave up, and made their way as best they could, to the boats.

This was on Saturday, April 27, 1521.

Chapter XII

How the fleet wandered among the islands, and heard news of Francisco Serrano; how the ships separated, and brought the voyage to a conclusion; and of what happened at home in Spain.

The game had been played out and was finished. Nothing positive remained to be accomplished. Whatever was done now could have no object but escape.

Juan Serrano and Duarte Barbosa were chosen commanders. Their first action was to remove to the ships the merchandise which remained in the storehouse at Cebu; the inhabitants, their inspiration gone, their faith destroyed, their new and inspiriting idea crumbling into the common day around them, could see in this move only a confession of weakness and fear; a great man had been among them, but he was now dead, and those who remained appeared as ordinary and insignificant men who were trying only to arrange life so that it should cause them as little trouble as possible. The King of Cebu, in a puzzled and vacillating manner,

MAGELLAN'S SHIP "VICTORIA"

From a cut in Henry Stevens' "Johann Schöner" (London, 1888). Probably the ideal conception of some early artist, and perhaps of the type of the "Victoria." Its source is not mentioned in the above book. A cut in part 6 of "Hulsius," Nuremberg, 1603, shows the same ship, but the two cuts are not otherwise identical.

watched for some sign of strength in the fleet, and saw none, and began to regret the idols which had been destroyed.

Malacca Henry went to the King, and told him that he had but to act quickly and with boldness to make the three ships and all that they contained his own; as for the great power that lay in the shadowy background—well, Spain would never know what had happened and would soon forget. The King acted on this advice.

He sent word that the gifts which he had prepared were ready and asked that as many men as possible be sent ashore for a ceremony of presentation and a feast, as was becoming to friends and brothers on such occasions. The two commanders, with twenty-seven others, rowed in, with certain vestiges of pomp, and the King met them on the beach.

The King's brother—he who had destroyed the idols—came at once to Pedro de Valderranza, a priest, and led him away alone. Gonzalo Gomez de Espinosa and Juan Lopez Caraballo felt danger in the air and turned back, as inconspicuously as possible, to the boats. These two were the only ones who escaped alive.

Caraballo took charge. He hove up, fired a

broadside into the town, and made sail. On the beach Serrano appeared, bleeding from a dozen wounds, his hands bound behind him, a crowd of natives dragging him to the water's edge. He shouted to Caraballo to cease firing; they would kill him. He watched the ships swing slowly and head out of the bay; in God's name, he asked, was he to be left alone there? Caraballo asked if they were all killed; yes, Serrano shouted, they were all dead except Malacca Henry. Caraballo blazed away and kept setting more sail. "May God Almighty ask you for my soul!" cried Serrano, and the natives closed in around him. The firing gradually ceased as the ships rounded the point and found the wind and began to make more rapid way, and silence settled over Cebu.

All hands were mustered. They were one hundred and fifteen men. On the beach at Bohol the *Concepcion* was burned, and the more valuable portions of her cargo and equipment transferred to the other two ships. Juan Caraballo took command; Gonzalo Espinosa was put in charge of the *Trinidad*. They steered vaguely South, for the Moluccas, looking for what might come.

Chance brought the coast of Borneo across their path. They landed and asked the natives where

they could get food, for there were but eight days' provision left them. At Palawan, the natives said, lying to the Northeast, there was food, and much rice wine. To Palawan they went, and stayed for some time. It was suggested that they settle there, and live as best they could; they could keep alive, at any rate. But there must be better places than Palawan.

They coasted down Borneo again, and came to the great city of Brunei. Five men went ashore, and the Sultan held them prisoners. Two hundred praus attacked the ships. They slipped their cables and made sail. Four junks appeared in the offing. They fought the junks and took two. On board of one was the King of Luzon, who was a valuable prisoner, but he had treasure with him, and three beautiful women who, Caraballo thought, would make an acceptable present for Her Majesty the Queen of Spain. The treasure was divided, and Caraballo kept the women, and the King of Luzon was released.

Back at Palawan they put the ships on the beach and cleaned and caulked them. The natives brought rice wine. There were fires to melt the pitch. They lived on shore for six weeks, working when they felt like it, and going to the villages

at night. Caraballo was deposed; the command was given to Gonzalo Espinosa, and Juan Sebastian el Cano took charge of the *Victoria*.

On the twenty-seventh of September they put to sea again, bound East. They came upon a junk, and took her, and sacked her of the food she had on board, and let her go. Off the South end of Mindanao they took a prau and got food. The prau's captain had been in the house of Francisco Serrano at Ternate; Ternate, he said, lay to the South. To the South they went, accordingly, and on the sixth of November they brought up at Tidore, off the West Coast of Gilolo.

The King of Tidore welcomed them, on learning that they were Spaniards, for the Portuguese were allies and friendly traders with his enemy, the King of Ternate, and he was not averse to having an ally of his own. Portuguese trade had greatly developed of late among the islands, and they had jealously guarded it for themselves; there had been a rumor of a fleet under the command of one Magellan, bound around the world, and the King of the Portuguese had sent ships to Santa Maria, in South America, and to the Cape of Good Hope, to intercept him, and Diego Lopes Sequira, Viceroy of India for King Manuel, had meant to send a fleet from

Malacca, but was involved in trouble in the Red Sea of Arabia, and had done nothing; yet the rumored fleet had not appeared, and it was thought that it was lost. He himself did not want to trade with the Portuguese, but he would trade with them, and if they would wait until he gathered a cargo, he would load their ships with cloves. The Portuguese had troubled him. A certain Captain-General of the King of Ternate, named Francisco Serrano, had exacted a heavy ransom from him in a recent war which they had had, and he had poisoned him. He died in four or five days. A few weeks ago, it was. Serrano's wife, who was from Java, still lived, and mourned him, he supposed; there was a boy, too, and a little girl. But they would wait, would they not, while he brought cloves?

This was the last of the old companions.

The cloves arrived, in prodigious quantities, and were bought at very advantageous prices. Everything of value was traded, and the ships were loaded with all they could take, and more; the men sold their coats for cloves; their shoes had gone long ago, bartered for wine or worn out in the prickly scrub at Palawan; they stood there on the littered decks with bare feet, dressed in tattered shirts and worn

remnants of finery and odd bits of dull armor, their faces burned black, and a straight look of reckless desperation in their eyes. They were cut loose from everything, making their own way; but they were beginning to think of getting home again to spend their money.

On the eighteenth of December they got under way. The *Victoria* weighed and stood out of the roadstead, but the *Trinidad*, loaded beyond her failing strength, began to leak in a rushing stream before her anchor left the ground; her men let her cable run out again, and worked at the pumps. The *Victoria* came back. By working desperately, spell on and spell off, day and night, they kept the water where it was, but gained nothing; it was useless to think of taking her home. They talked it over, and decided that the *Victoria* had best take advantage of the monsoon, and make for the Cape; the *Trinidad* could refit and sail for Panama. On the twenty-first of December, the *Victoria*, under the command of Juan Sebastian El Cano, with sixty men, thirteen of whom were natives, said good-by, and got under way for Spain.

They ran into a storm in Flores Strait, and went to Timor to refit. On the thirteenth of February,

1522, they started across the Indian Ocean. The old ship was bulging with cargo, and seemed sagged out of all resemblance to her original shape; she pitched soggily, and leaked like a basket; food was scarce; scurvy broke out; she ran into heavy weather off the African coast, and lost her fore topmast; she was nine weeks fighting head winds around the cape. Nearly a third of the Europeans died, and nine of the thirteen natives. On the sixteenth of May she rounded the corner and ran for home; on the eighth of June she crossed the Equator; on the ninth of July, worn out, preferring even to face the hostility of the Portuguese, she anchored in Santiago, in the Cape Verdes.

El Cano sent men ashore to buy rice, warning them to say nothing of who they were, or whence they came. A load was brought out, and the boat returned for more. Some one in that crew, unable to keep his secret, boastingly blurted out the truth; that ship, alone, was all that was left of the fleet of Ferdinand Magellan. On board, El Cano was waiting for them, and they did not come. He could see signs of activity at the fort on shore, and some caravels in the harbor preparing to get under way. He weighed in furious hurry, crowded sail, outdis-

tanced the caravels, and let her go for Cape St. Vincent. All told, there were eighteen Europeans and four natives, and most of them were sick.

On the sixth of September they arrived at San Lucar; on Monday, September 8, 1522, having been twelve days short of three years away, they rounded up beside the old quay at Seville and discharged all their artillery.

These were the men: Juan Sebastian el Cano, Captain; Francisco Albo, Pilot; Miguel Rodas, Master; Juan de Acurio, Martin de Yudicibus, Hernando de Bustamante, Aries the Gunner, Diogo Gallego, Nicolao de Napoles, Miguel Sanchez de Rodas, Francisco Rodriguez, Juan Rodriguez de Huelva, Anton Hernandez Colmenero, Juan de Arratia, Juan de Santander, Vasco Gomez Gallego, Juan de Zubileta, the ship's boy, and Antonio Pigafetta.

Subsequently, the thirteen men who had been left at the Cape Verdes reached Seville, and, after years, four men arrived from the *Trinidad*. The *Trinidad* had come very near to falling to pieces in the middle of the Pacific, and had gone back to Gilolo.

The *Victoria's* cloves were sold, and brought a price which realized a profit of about a thousand dollars over the expenses of the entire expedition. But Christopher Haro got nothing, nor did Juan de

Aranda, nor Diego Barbosa, nor the heirs of Magellan.

Elvora de la Mezquita was in prison, waiting for the truth to be told in regard to the mutiny at Port St. Julian.

Doña Beatriz had learned of the loss of the Captain-General; her son Rodrigo was dead; her second child had died at birth. At Sabrosa, near Chaves, in the province of Traz-os-Montes in Portugal, the coat-of-arms of Magellan had been torn down from its place above the door, by order of King Manuel. The world went on. The voyage fitted into history. But the Captain-General lay on the shores of a little island in the Pacific, on the other side of the world, under an Eastern sky.

Dios vos salve, Señor Capitan-General, é buena compania!

THE END

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